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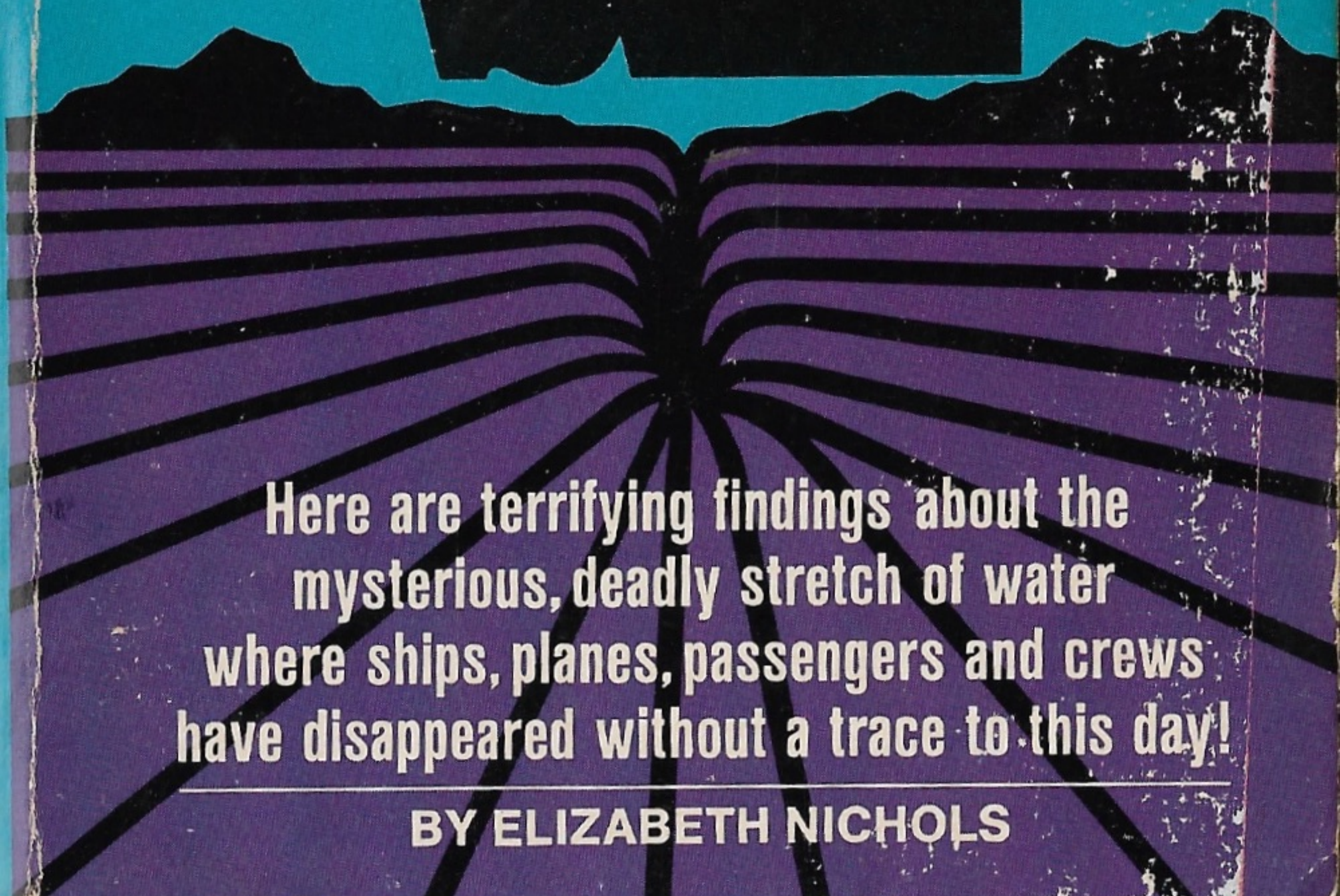
FIVE FAMOUS PSYCHICS PROBE THE DREAD SECRETS OF "THE DEVIL'S TRIANGLE"

THE DEVIL'S SEA



Here are terrifying findings about the mysterious, deadly stretch of water where ships, planes, passengers and crews have disappeared without a trace to this day!

BY ELIZABETH NICHOLS

UNEXPECTED

"Everything looks strange . . . even the ocean . . . we're completely lost." These were the final words from five planes of Navy Flight 19, flying reconnaissance over a stretch of water near Bermuda in December, 1945. No clues to their disappearance were ever found . . .

UNEXPLAINED

On a calm March evening some years ago, the U.S. Navy carrier *Cyclops* was reported overdue on a nightmare voyage from Barbados. An intensive search failed to find any trace of the 19,000 ton ship or the 309 people aboard . . .

UNAWARE

Each year thousands of vacationers cruise or fly over the Atlantic bound for Bermuda, unaware of the potential peril that may await them in the balmy waters or blue skies where so many have disappeared . . .

THE DEVIL'S SEA

THE DEVIL'S SEA

Elizabeth Nichols

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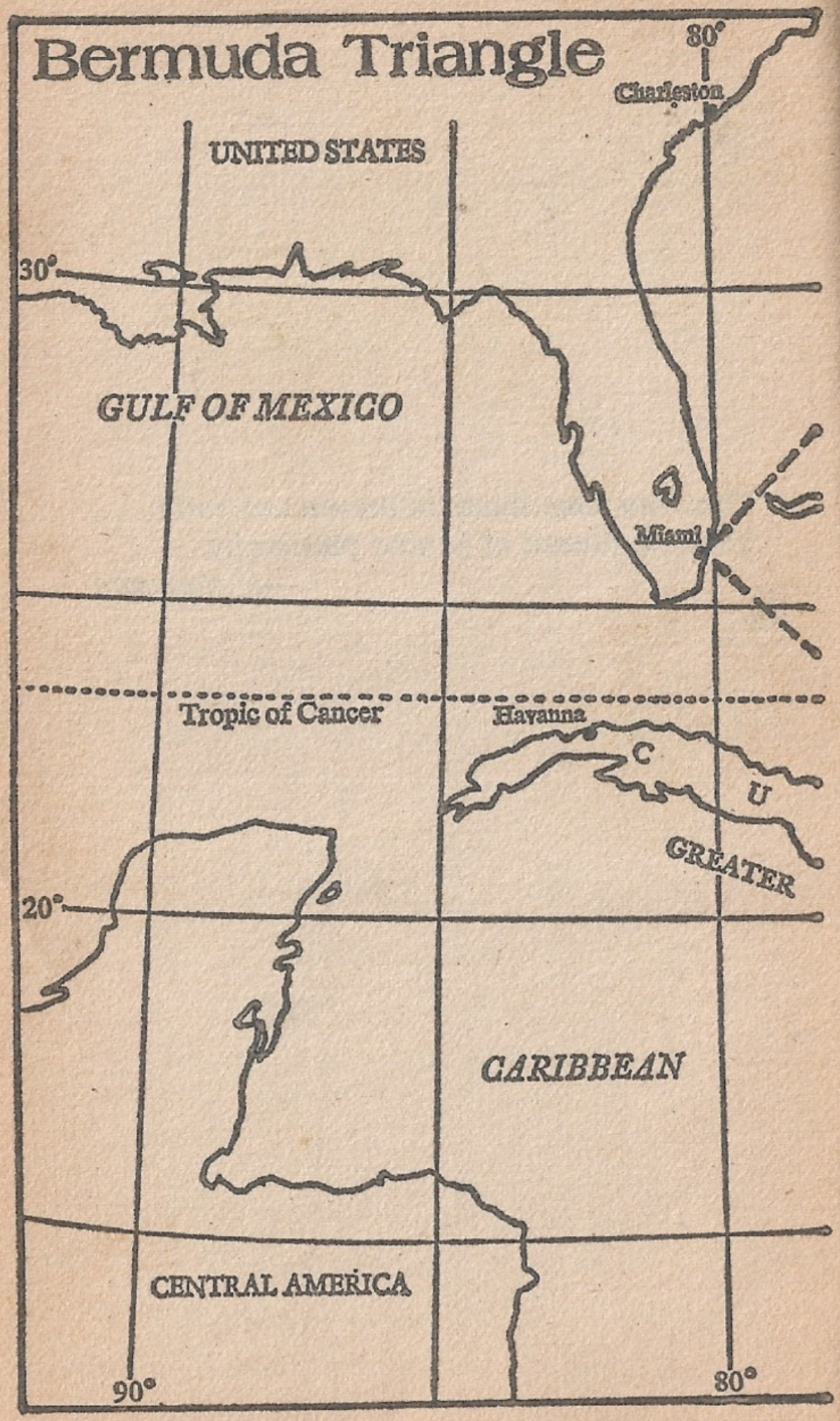
There are more things in heaven and earth . . .
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

—*Shakespeare*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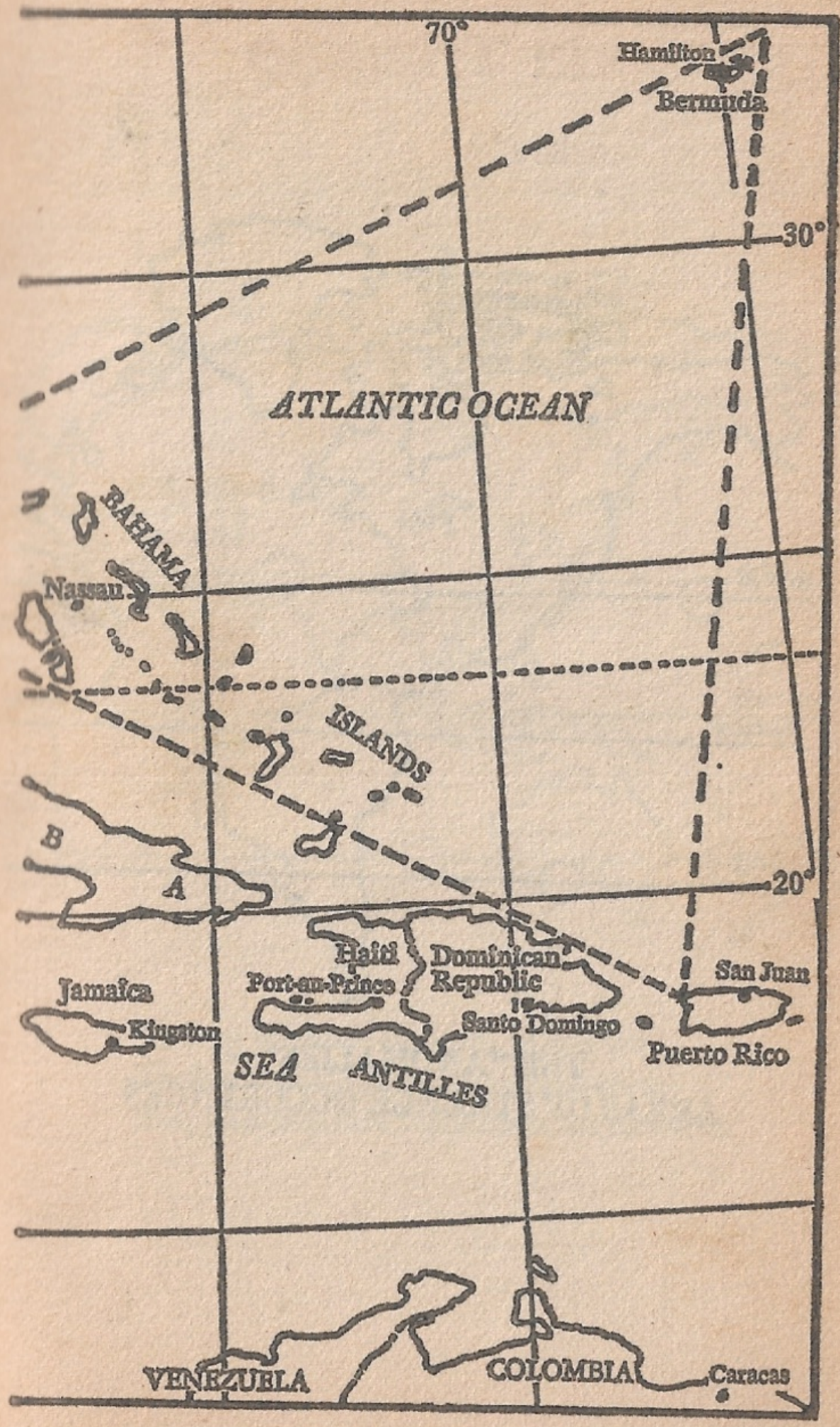
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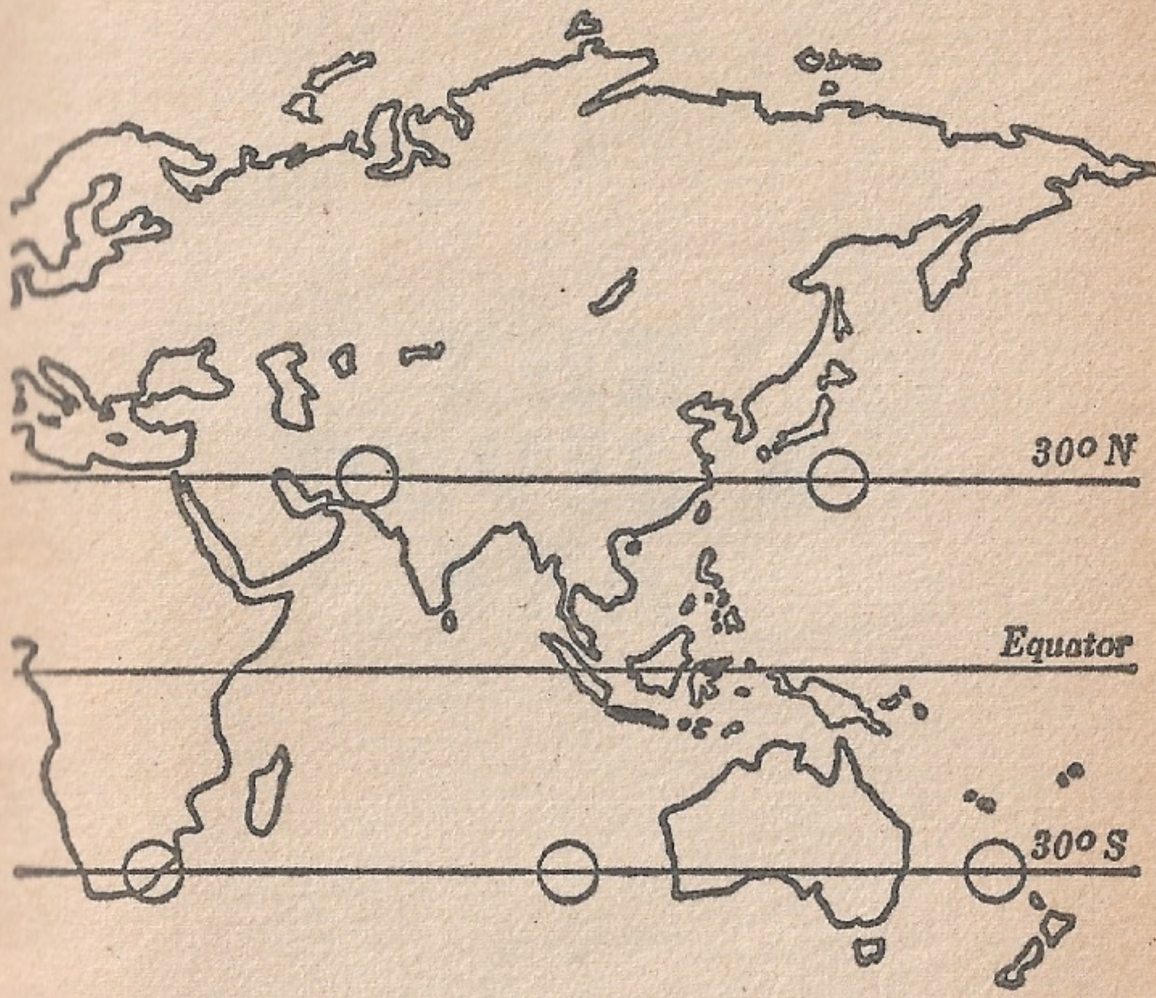
THE "ANOMALIES"—
AREAS OF STRANGE OCCURENCES



At these places on the earth, plus at the North and South Poles, many mysterious disappearances have baffled man for centuries.

THE DEVIL'S SEA

INTRODUCTION

Draw a line from Florida to Bermuda. Then another from Bermuda to Puerto Rico, and yet a third back to Florida through the Bahamas, and you will have a rough sketch of the area known as the Bermuda, or Devil's Triangle*—the infamous region of mysteriously lost ships, planes and people.

This is not an out-of-the-way spot located off the trade or cruise routes, but a heavily traveled area for all sorts of craft crossing from the southern United States to points in the Caribbean, South America, Europe and Africa. Of course, in such a large, often turbulent and busy stretch of sea, a certain number of shipwrecks and plane crashes are to be expected. Sailors and pilots know full well the dangers that lurk in troubled waters when

*I will use, throughout this book, the titles "Devil's Triangle," "Devil's Sea" and "Bermuda Triangle" interchangeably to refer to the area discussed above. There is an area of the Pacific, off Japan, called the "Devil's Sea" which I shall mention later, specifying its location.

storms come up. However, within the Devil's Triangle, although the great number of disasters might be accepted as statistically "normal," one factor remains to haunt the unfortunate happenings. Many of the best known and documented reports of ill-fated voyages in this area tell the same story: *craft and crew vanished without a trace.*

Is the Devil's Triangle just another sea legend to be added to the already sufficient supply of stories concerning sea monsters, ghost ships and vessels that never return—or is there something different about the fates of those ships, planes and people that are there one moment and gone the next?

Consider, for example, some famous disappearances within the Devil's Triangle . . .

1

THE DEADLY SEA

The date is December 5, 1945. Five TBM Avenger torpedo bombers lined the runway at the Fort Lauderdale Naval Air Station. It was a beautiful sunny day, ideal for a routine patrol flight. The formation was scheduled to fly due east for 160 miles, then forty miles to the north and return on a southwest pattern, back to the air station. This relatively short flight should have taken about two hours.

At 2:02 in the afternoon the first of the five planes left the runway, with the others taking off one by one behind it. At 3:45 a radio message was received by the base operator: "Calling tower; this is an emergency. We seem to be off course. We cannot see land . . . repeat . . . we cannot see land."

"What is your position?" radioed the tower.

"We're not sure of our position. We can't be sure just where we are. We seem to be lost," came the reply from the patrol.

Lost? On a routine flight with five planes, all

manned by seasoned flyers on such a perfect day for flying?

"Assume bearing due west," radioed the tower.

Then the patrol leader responded over the airwaves with, "We don't know which way is west . . . everything is wrong . . . strange. We can't be sure of our direction. Even the ocean doesn't look as it should."

The radio conversation continued between the planes and tower, and it was evident that the planes were within sight of each other, but the pilots were confused.

The last message came at 4:25: "We are not certain where we are . . . Think we must be about 225 miles northeast of base . . . looks like we are entering white water . . . We're completely lost . . ." That was the end of transmission, the last words ever heard from the patrol of five Navy planes.

One of the largest air-and-sea searches ever conducted followed, consisting of more than 300 planes and ships of all kinds and sizes, combined with search parties on land. Nothing was ever found, not even one piece of wreckage.

On January 17, 1948, at 10:30 P.M., the *Star Tiger*—a plane dubbed the Tudor IV—radioed that she was 400 miles from Bermuda en route to Kingston, Jamaica. The pilot reported his

position, then said that the weather was fine and that they expected to land on schedule.

The *Star Tiger*'s two wireless telegraphy transmitters had a range of several thousand miles and there were also three wireless telephony transmitter-receivers having a range of about 200 miles. The journey was from London to Havana, Cuba—flying from London to Lisbon, then on to Santa Maria in the Azores, with stops at Bermuda and Jamaica. Not at all a difficult route since there is little danger of icing, and the crew—Captain McMillan and Radio Officer Tuck—were resourceful, veteran fliers.

What went wrong? Another plane owned by the British South American Airways Corporation also en route to Bermuda, took off from Santa Maria one hour before the *Star Tiger* and easily reached Bermuda at 4:11 A.M. But the *Star Tiger*, which had radioed its position hour by hour, was never seen again. In the vicinity of the last known position of the *Star Tiger*, the weather was stable and there were no atmospheric disturbances or electrical storms.

Shortly after the aircraft was reported missing, the Search and Rescue Section of the U.S. Army Air Force at Bermuda's Kindley Field sent out a Fortress aircraft with a radar scanner. The search went on until February 3, 1949. No traces of the plane were ever found—not a

piece of wreckage or a survivor. That no distress message could come from the aircraft is unlikely since the transmitting equipment was duplicated. Power failure influencing the navigation could also be discounted since compasses of high accuracy were part of the plane's equipment. The marine lights along the island coasts could be seen for thirty miles. The pilot would have had plenty of time in clear weather to find his target before running out of fuel. As for fire, it is unlikely that this would not have been reported and a shortage of fuel would have been noticed and transmitted.

Later in London, an official court of investigation declared the *Star Tiger* lost at sea. The mishap, they decided, must have had some "external cause." What was the external something that the crew of the *Star Tiger* might have felt, or been influenced by? What could they have seen in those last hours or minutes before they slipped into eternity?

And what about that Christmas tragedy, the disappearance of the DC-3 passenger plane, operated by Airborne Transport, Inc., chartered for a pre-dawn flight from San Juan, Puerto Rico to Miami? Captain Robert Lindquist, co-pilot Ernest Hill and stewardess Mary Burke were returning twenty-seven passengers home after a short Christmas vacation. The passengers were singing Christmas carols and one wonders if they had reached the verse in "We

Three Kings" which speaks of "gathering doom." For on that starry night, within sight of the city lights of Miami, the plane and all the human beings within vanished forever.

At 4:13 A.M., Captain Lindquist made his last contact with Miami's radio tower: "We're approaching the field. Only fifty miles out to the south. All's well. Will stand by for landing instructions. At that moment—with the plane only fifty miles away—it simply disappeared. An extensive search conducted by the Coast Guard was initiated but no wreckage was ever found.

And let us consider the story of the *Star Ariel*, sister ship to the *Star Tiger*. This plane was also owned by the British South American Airways Corporation. On January 17, 1949, this four-engine plane took off from Kindley Field, Bermuda, with seven crewmen and thirteen passengers aboard for a flight to Jamaica. The morning was as beautiful as only Bermuda mornings can be. The plane had ten hours of fuel for a five-and-a-half-hour flight. It was flying with a tail wind and a light load. Captain J. C. McPhee was a veteran pilot and within an hour after takeoff, he radioed good visibility and gave his estimated time of arrival. Shortly before the time the plane was expected to land, Kingston radioed Bermuda for information, since the aircraft had not been in touch with

Jamaica since that one message was received shortly after its departure.

What could have caused the disappearance of this plane with its superior engines which had always performed well, its complete navigational and safety equipment in working order? Even assuming that the towers of Kingston and Bermuda were not synchronizing their information—or missed contact entirely—how could such a well-equipped plane with an experienced crew and plenty of fuel have vanished on such a short hop?

On August 28, 1963, two KC-135 stratotankers left Homestead Air Force Base in Florida on a classified mission over the Atlantic Ocean. The KC-135 is a military version of the Boeing 707 and is used to refuel other aircraft on long-distance flights. There were eleven Homestead airmen aboard the two planes. Last radio contact was made at noon. They reported their position to be about 900 miles northeast of Miami and they expected to arrive at Homestead at 2:00 P.M. Searchers eventually found debris—three empty life rafts and a flier's helmet belonging to one of the missing crewmen. No distress call had been heard, and the report from the plane told of a routine flight. A second concentration of debris was sighted 160 miles away from the previously found objects. Although there was speculation about a collision, how could two "floating

junkyards" have been found so far apart? It was as if the aircraft and their crews had been scattered like an exploded jigsaw puzzle.

On June 5, 1965, an Air Force Flying Boxcar (C-119) with ten persons aboard took off from Homestead Air Force Base for Grand Turk Island in the Bahamas. The plane was estimated to be only forty-five minutes from its destination when it mysteriously disappeared. The last radio contact was made at 11:00 P.M. with the estimated time of arrival being 11:23. What happened in those twenty-three minutes in the silent recesses of the Devil's Triangle where the skies and water—and dead men—tell no tales?

In one week in January 1967, three planes vanished on short flights in good weather. First there was the converted WW II troop glider (Chase YC-122) to be used in the filming of an adventure movie. It took off from Fort Lauderdale's Hollywood International Airport and was never heard from again. Debris was found, including a film can, but that was all. The plane's crew had participated in a far more terrible adventure than was dreamt of in any Hollywood movie studio.

A single-engine plane with two Miami couples as passengers, a Beechcraft Bonanza, vanished after takeoff from Miami International Airport. The Coast Guard was unable to find a trace.

Also disappearing the same week—a Piper Apache carrying the daughter of the American Ambassador to Britain, her husband and the pilot...

This, of course, is hardly a complete listing of all the aircraft which have unaccountably disappeared within the Devil's Triangle, but they are representative of the curious pattern of these vanishings.

In some cases there is either a fading of communications or a complete radio cut-off. Each of the unexplained accidents was described as "freakish." The pilot or the ship's communications officer generally reported erratic behavior of the navigational instruments and the bewilderment of being lost. Occasionally they reported the ocean as having a "different" look about it. They are often unable to see physical objects that are later proved to have been there.

One such case involved twenty-four-year-old Caroline Coscio and a male companion, who were flying in a rented airplane. They had stopped for fuel at Georgetown in the Bahamas.

The small craft then took off for Grand Turk Island, a distance of about 250 miles. The time was 4:40 in the afternoon. At 7:35 P.M. Grand Turk Airport received a call from Ms. Coscio saying her direction-finding equipment was not operating properly. She was circling two islands, but could see nothing on them. In spite of her inability to see anything on the islands below, it was later reported that guests at one of the hotels on the islands had been observing her plane at the time.

What force is involved here that can cause aircraft instruments to suddenly fail—despite rigid, periodic inspections of such equipment—and cause individuals to become blinded to objects below?

One explanation, perhaps, is what scientists refer to as a vortex action: in layman's language, a whirlpool. Light appears to bend as it passes through a vortex from certain distances. This could explain the experience of Caroline Coscio and others who say that things did not look "normal."

Radio and television star Arthur Godfrey gave evidence that things were far from normal on a flight over the other Devil's Sea—a notorious area off Japan well known throughout the world for tragic and baffling disappearances. Godfrey, in a 1971 appearance on the Dick Cavett show, told of his most unsettling adventure.

Over the Devil's Sea, Godfrey, an experienced pilot, on a round-the-world flight in a twin-engine jet, noticed his instruments failed completely. The plane's radio was out and contact with the outside world was lost for one hour and a half. He had four hours of fuel

remaining. "And that," said Godfrey, "is not nice, I'm telling you." Godfrey also volunteered that when he crosses the Bermuda Triangle, he, as do others, watches his instruments with special care.

What is even more puzzling—and more chilling—than instrument failure, however, is the fact that in many of the cases mentioned above, there was not one report of danger—not one S.O.S. was broadcast from the aircraft's sophisticated transmitting equipment. Even given an abrupt catastrophe—a storm, impending collision, engine failure, fire, etc.—there would have presumably been the sound of one human voice calling from somewhere for help. But often there is silence—as final as an executioner's bullet!

At this point, let us anticipate a link to some psychic speculations to follow in other chapters.

Brad Steiger of *Saga Magazine* received a letter in 1972 from one Al Kiessig, who was, oddly enough, from Missouri, where folks are supposed to have their doubts about unproved paraphysical experiences. But Al has no doubts that he has walked through "doorways" between dimensions to other worlds. And what he has found is—silence! Poets have spoken of a "silence deep as death" and "silence sleeping on a waste of ocean" but here is how Keissig,

certainly no poet, sees his other-world-beyond-ours:

"It is very silent. It looks like our world but there is no sound . . . the quiet. No shadows, no wind."

Whether or not Al Keissig's report is factual, I am willing to bet that what he has said happened in his reality. And it is interesting that like so many others who have claimed to reach dimensions beyond, Keissig felt the pressure and presence of silence . . . certainly the most universally terrifying aspect of unexplained disappearances. Why did no one call out?

The shroud of silence which can touch an inventive visionary from Missouri, and an aircraft inexplicably erased forever, is woven from threats which stretch back to man's most ancient nightmares.

Fay Clark, in his interview reproduced later in this book, relates the experience of a seasoned pilot who reported that while flying over Hawaii (another trouble spot), travelling at 375 miles per hour, watches stop ticking and people who are talking are frozen while in the middle of a word. A time check proved to him that there was no loss of time—linear time—but the intrusion, perhaps, of a time process beyond our experience. Could this possibly mean that within that silence of the vanished planes, when they should have been making

contact—within one man's vision of another dimension, a poet's rush to the brink of the heart of silence—within those few seconds when time seems, to plane passengers and the pilots, to have stopped, they had reached a chink in the abyss that leads to or proceeds from a world beyond our knowing?

At this writing, more than sixty ships, forty planes and their passengers and crews have vanished forever without a trace in that enigmatic area—the silent seas of the Devil's Triangle.

2

MORE STRANGE TALES FROM THE "STILL-VEXED BERMOOTHES"

Theater-goers have long wondered where the "still-vexed Bermoothes" in Act I of Shakespeare's *The Tempest* might be located—and for that matter, just what it was that "vexed" them. It is said that Shakespeare's shipwreck might have been inspired by reports of the fate of a real vessel, the *Sea Venture*, which ran into a storm off the coast of Bermuda in 1609 with passengers and crew headed for a new colony in Virginia.

But Shakespeare's near contemporary, Andrew Marvell, wrote:

"Where the remote Bermudas ride
In the ocean's bosom unespied
From a small boat that rowed along
The listening winds received this song.
"What should we do but sing His praise
That led us through the watery maze

Where he the huge sea-monsters wracks
That lift the deep upon their backs,
Into an isle so long unknown....
And yet far kinder than our own?

In spite of the rather sinister reputation of the Bermoothes, there are references in the works of other poets to "Fortunate Isles" and the "thrice happy isles" of Milton—sometimes an oblique and then a direct reference to the lost island of Atlantis to which I shall refer later.

Since the early days of its discovery, Bermuda has been known as "an evil place" among seamen, who believed the islands to be haunted by evil spirits. The Spanish sailors called it "The Isle of Devils." In making his map of the area in 1544, explorer Sebastian Cabot designated the area "Ya de Demonios."

Whatever the supernatural qualities of Bermuda might have been thought to be, the islands have always been noted as the haven of pirates and other renegades of the sea, and it is said that salvage crews were not above luring ships off course with lights in order to provide themselves with fresh loot, as the ships ran aground on the reefs.

The Bermuda Islands, the northeast corner of the infamous Bermuda Triangle, may have its history steeped in legends of piracy, but today the pirates are gone. The curse, however,

if it be that, does live on, making the days of the pirates tame by comparison to the modern day horror stories of ships, planes and people that vanish there. If, indeed, this corner of the Bermuda Triangle levels a curse of sorts it is—and has been in the past—a powerful one...

Explain, for example, what happened to the huge coaling ship *USS Cyclops* in March, 1918, after she left Barbados. Early investigations of this famous case seemed to point to destruction by a German submarine. That seemed logical for a while, but the theory was soon discounted when no lifeboats or wreckage was ever found—which also dimmed the possibility that she was engulfed in a hurricane or severe storm, for there was never a trace of the ship or her crew. The idea that the *Cyclops* was hijacked or surrendered—or even defected—to the German navy was also eliminated after long and extensive investigation. She was just gone, and to where, nobody can even guess. In the final analysis the U.S. Navy put her down as another "lost" ship.

The list of lost ships in, near, or headed toward the Devil's Triangle—that is, those recorded as "lost"—is long. The older tales from the nineteenth century have the flavor and romance of the sea and yet also the horror of

death fathoms down haunted by mankind's primeval fear of strange phenomena.

One of the first recorded vanishings was that of the *Bella*, which left Rio de Janiero in April, 1854, bound for Jamaica. Not much is known about the ship or its course, but it is reported that the ship's long boat was found—but the *Bella* was never seen again.

On January 31, 1880, the *Atalanta*, a British frigate with a crew of 290, left Bermuda. And vanished. Neither the ship nor any debris was ever located. A good deal of public attention was given to the disappearance, particularly since the frigate was a training ship manned, in part, by young cadets. Although British ships were sent to search the area of the Azores, and some reported heavy storms, not one shred of the *Atalanta*'s men or timbers were ever found, unusual since storms tend to scatter flotsam.

In 1925, the coaler *Cotopaxi* disappeared after leaving Charleston for Havana; also vanishing on the same route in 1926—the freighter *Sudoffo*, carrying a mixed cargo and crew of twenty-nine. In February, 1963, the *Marine Sulphur Queen*, a converted W.W. II vessel, with a crew of thirty-nine and a cargo of molten sulphur, left Beaumont, Texas for Norfolk, Virginia. Her last contact was a radio call west of Key West. That was her last message. "Some debris" was found.

I have mentioned here only a few highlights on the sad roll call of ships which have been lost—blotted out of a deceptively beautiful seascape and an apparently firm and defined horizon.

But what about "lost" sailors?

In the summer of 1881, the *Ellen Austin*, plying the waters of the Atlantic, came across a twin-masted schooner under full sail. The wind was mild and the ship was not making great progress. The master of the *Ellen Austin* thought something was strange about the ship, however, as she was minus a flag and carried no other form of identification.

"Alter course to intercept," commanded the skipper of the *Ellen Austin*, Captain Baker, "I want to sail her."

As the distance between the two ships narrowed, Captain Baker shouted, "Ahoy there! What ship are you?"

No answer.

Upon scanning the deck it was apparent that there was no life top-side.

"Ahoy! What ship are you? Is there anyone on board?"

Still no answer.

Baker did not like the looks of things. Something was amiss, and he was determined to find the answer. He called for one of the boats to be lowered, and he prepared to board the silent craft.

Captain Baker and four crew members searched the ship fore and aft, but found it completely deserted.

The ship was seaworthy and there were no signs of violence. Everything was in its proper place. All lifeboats were secure. How, then, did the crew mysteriously vanish—and for what reason?

The "how" will probably never be known and the reason is just as speculative.

The captain's years of experience on the sea could supply him with no answers to the riddle of the abandoned ship. He finally decided to staff the vessel with a skeleton crew, and the two ships sailed on for Boston.

A violent storm came up July 20, however. The two ships were separated, and the *Ellen Austin* lost sight of the schooner. Two days passed, until she once again sighted the American brig.

Baker maneuvered the *Ellen Austin* alongside the schooner, but when he hailed the small crew that he had transferred from the *Ellen Austin*, he was greeted with silence!

As if seeing a re-run of a bad dream, the captain boarded the vessel—and once again found it completely deserted.

The *Ellen Austin* almost became the scene of a mutiny, but Captain Baker was able to rally the men. He assigned another small crew to

take the ship in tow, issuing arms to the men for their protection.

Captain Baker assured them that the *Ellen Austin* would be careful always to remain within calling distance. "We'll bring her in yet."

The two vessels sailed on toward Boston in calm seas until another severe storm came up. The men attempted to remain in vocal contact until they were nearly hoarse, but as the rain increased, visibility decreased. The two ships were once again separated.

The *Ellen Austin* began the lengthy search for the schooner. The search was finally called off amid despair and rising hysteria on the part of the crew. Captain Baker was forced to sail on to Boston without finding so much as a single clue to what happened to the other ship.

The most famous derelict, of course, is the *Mary Celeste*, although her disappearance did not take place within the Devil's Triangle. But the vision of that unmanned ship yawing aimlessly, with no sound but the slapping of sails not set for foul weather, the ticking clock, personal effects intact, no cargo missing, and even—it is reported—a warm cup of tea put carefully down on a table, has held the fascination of writers (Conan Doyle, and Edgar Rowe

Snow, among others), seamen and landlubbers for a full century.

But other crewless ships have sailed the infernal waters of the Devil's Triangle. Take the *Rosalie*, found in August, 1940, near Nassau. Like the *Mary Celeste*, this French ship was discovered, with little weather damage, sails set, cargo intact, and with no appreciable leaks. The only living things aboard were a cat, fowl and a canary.

Then, in 1944, a Cuban cargo ship, the *Rubicon*, was discovered drifting off the coast of Florida by a Navy blimp. This time, the only creature aboard was a dog. Again the ship was reported to be in good condition and the cargo and effects intact.

On April 24, 1895, fifty-one-year-old Josua Slocum set off in a thirty-six foot yawl, the *Spray*, to circumnavigate the world alone. He returned to his home port, Boston, on June 27, 1898, after some incredible land and sea adventures including, so the story goes, a period of delirium, when near the Azores he found his craft being piloted by a spectral member of Columbus' crew! In 1909 Slocum again set forth, but this time to the West Indies—and vanished forever.

Then there is the bizarre story of British yachtsman Donald Crowhurst, apparently on his last lap of a solo voyage around the world. His *Teignmouth Electron*, a forty-one-foot

three-hulled yacht, was found abandoned 700 miles southwest of the Azores on July 10, 1969. Although journalists and biographers have discovered that Crowhurst had been sending misleading information exaggerating his position in the race sponsored by the London *Times*, and that all indications pointed to suicide—what final thrust caused him to "resign the game" and step over the side?

In the same July, four other derelicts were found in the general area of Crowhurst's yacht: a sixty-foot vessel floating bottoms-up; a thirty-five-foot yacht on automatic steering; a Swedish yacht, the *Vagabond;* and a drifting thirty-six-foot yacht.

It is coincidence to some—intensely meaningful to others—that Crowhurst's lifeless yacht and the four others were located in the same general area that once shuddered the deserted decks of the *Mary Celeste.*

Many theories have evolved through the years as to what happened to these vanished—or invisible?—crews. The most common theory is that weather caused the men to abandon ship. Yet in the majority of cases, the ships have shown little storm damage and usually there were no signs that the crew had hastily abandoned ship. Also, why would sailors have left a larger vessel (which later examination proved to be seaworthy) to take to a small boat? And then there are those who sense con-

spiracy or mutiny—but there was never a sign of violence. And the ships did not appear to have been arrested in the everyday business of life at sea. There were never any signs of a collision.

There have been entertaining speculations over the years, particularly concerning the *Mary Celeste.*

One theory says that perhaps the captain of the vessel *Dei Gratia,* which discovered the drifting brigantine, had deliberately chosen a crew for the *Celeste,* arranged a rendezvous, and with the small crew's collusion, plotted for the take-over of the prize cargo. Other theories mention food poisoning, stranding on a sandbar, an ingenious disposal of the captain with the crew mismanaging the ship, etc. However, the fact remains that while supposition and guessing is an invigorating pastime, there have drifted—and are still drifting—undoubtedly a fleet of crewless ships upon the oceans of the earth.

The *Flying Dutchman,* you remember, is an old tale which seems to have surfaced in the 1600s. A lonely watch peers through the cloying mists in a silent night on a vast ocean at what would seem to be a coagulation of vapors. And then a curious luminescence, maggoty, obscene, and—in the words of Milton—like "darkness visible." Before the terrified seamen can summon the captain, the ghost ship

is alongside, and for one instant the sailors, transfixed, can see the shuddering sails flapping soundlessly as if blown by infernal winds—and the spectral, hardly human face of the demon captain as he pilots his crewless ship for all eternity, cursed forever to haunt the seas.

The logs of Christopher Columbus contain references to a number of strange lights as he travelled through the Devil's Triangle. He also mentioned a "great flame of fire" and lights that vanished.

In the year 1780 the British *Phoenix,* armed with forty-four guns, was lost in a storm off Cuba. Among the crew was a first lieutenant named Archer, and in his letter to his mother he describes the events of the wreck. "Who can attempt to describe the appearance of things upon deck? If I were to write forever, I could not give you an idea of it—a total darkness all above; the sea on fire, running as it were in Alps . . . ; the wind roaring louder than thunder (absolutely no flight of imagination), the whole made more *terrible* if possible by a *very uncommon kind of blue lightning. . . .*"

Could it have been possible that the poet Coleridge, never a noteworthy sailor, had heard of accounts like these when he wrote the *Rime of the Ancient Mariner:*

"About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night

The water like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white."

The myth of the *Flying Dutchman*, like other tales of haunted vessels is one way of exploiting and even enjoying the unnerving instances of vanished crews. But between the fevered imaginings of the early seafarers with the ancient and modern tellers of tales, and the relatively matter-of-fact reports of those who have witnessed or written about these deserted ships, there is one common human reaction that accompanies the astonishment upon the discovery of empty decks:

"Things are not as they should be . . ." But then, there are many bizarre occurrences within the Devil's Triangle. . . .

Some present day adventurers within the region of the Devil's Triangle have returned with interesting-to-downright-hair-raising tales . . .

The Apollo astronauts on their way to the moon marveled at the white water in the area of the Atlantic Ocean called the Bermuda Triangle. The same comment has been voiced by pilots flying at high altitudes over the area, causing one to wonder if perhaps there is something below the surface of the water that keeps the area stirred up and perhaps aerated.

Roby Yonge, writing in the December 24, 1972, issue of *National Tattler*, tells of two pilots who experienced a weird, frightening phenomenon in the Bermuda Triangle area, and who were fortunate enough to return.

Chuck Wakely and his co-pilot Sam Mathes had their Piper Aztec set on automatic pilot. They were directly over the Devil's Triangle when the trouble started.

"We had just passed over Andros," Wakely reported. "I could see the lights of the village below. Up there eight or nine thousand feet you are above the condensation and there's nothing up there but you and your plane. Or, so we thought."

Wakely continued by saying that when he looked out the window, the wings seemed to take on a translucent effect. They were almost glowing. At first he thought it was just the reflection of the navigational lights, but it gave a bluish glow, and seemed to intensify steadily. Before long the glow flooded the cockpit of the small plane, eclipsing the red instrument lights.

"Then our instruments went crazy. The autopilot went off first," Wakely stated. "Then the rest of the electrical system became erratic."

Fuel gauges that had previously read three-quarters, were suddenly showing full tanks of fuel. The compass began turning—not spinning—just turning slowly for a full 360-degree

revolution, and then revolved again, several times.

Wakely commented that by this time they were headed directly for Bimini instead of Florida, and there was nothing they could do to correct the flight direction.

It was late at night, and the two men had no horizon, no compass, and no instruments on which they could rely. They were completely at the mercy of whatever force held them and their plane.

All they could do was attempt to stabilize the wing flaps and hope for the best. They tried to contact the Nassau tower. Suddenly the light started to fade and everything returned to normal aboard the Aztec.

According to Wakely's report, the whole incident took place within a span of about five or six nerve-wracking minutes.

It was the summer of 1969, and John Fairfax, an Englishman, had just completed a harrowing voyage across the Atlantic Ocean in a rowboat. He arrived at Fort Lauderdale, Florida, just six months after embarking on this trip.

On July 20, he was interviewed by the *Fort Lauderdale News* and *Sun Sentinel*, and he told the reporter: "You see, I don't believe in those things—never have; but there they were: fly-

ing saucers. They could not have been anything else. Venus is the brightest of all the stars, but they were ten times brighter than Venus."

Fairfax continued by telling the reporter that there was more involved than simply watching the UFOs. He told of feeling a *force* as though the flying saucers had kept demanding something from him.

"I was fighting back and saying back 'No, no, no,' " Fairfax continued. "It was like telepathy, like being hypnotized. I was hypnotized once, voluntarily. It was like that."

Fairfax continued to recount his experience in the Atlantic, "I had lit a cigarette, then these luminous saucers swooped down over the ocean, rose and swooped down again. There was this magnetic feeling. When they had gone I realized the cigarette had burned my fingers."

The explanation that he might have seen Venus or a bright star was something Fairfax could not accept. He repeated his earlier statement that the objects were ten times brighter than Venus. He said the UFOs were too bright and too large to be stars or planets, and their flight pattern too irregular to have been satellites.

"I don't believe in flying saucers, but there is nothing else they could be," he insisted.

3

THE DEVIL'S DOORWAYS AND SOME WHO HAVE PASSED THROUGH

An increasing number of the general public have become fascinated by the unexplained happenings in the Devil's Triangle—through news items, articles, recent books, TV and even a movie narrated by Vincent Price. Scientists have been investigating magnetic fields, ocean currents and other physical factors peculiar to the region for some time. But so far the major questions have been left unanswered. The new Encyclopaedia Brittanica includes a paragraph about the Devil's Triangle. "No theory for the disappearances," it states, "has been generally accepted." Hypotheses, it seems, are as open-ended as the blank skies into which so many have vanished.

However, also working on the problem are those investigators who place unexplained disappearances in the Devil's Triangle in the category of the non-physical, saying that such matters are related to intelligences from other dimensions of existence, cosmic beings from

planes beyond man's current ability to understand. These psychic sleuthes bring their own spice to the boiling enigma of the Devil's Triangle and their theories and techniques are both old and new. They collect their own mind-boggling data and utilize logical processes sometimes following the methods of established science; but they also take into account some ancient myths and tales which are in the folk literature and folk memories of most of us. Lost Atlantis, visitors from other worlds, holes or doorways in the earth—these concepts have been around for a long, long time (perhaps with good reason). Some of the Devil's Doorway theories with their haunting illustrative tales are generally accepted in the psychic community; others are highly controversial. But let us leave briefly the Devil's Triangle area and begin with a view of our globe as we know it—or think we do...

If one looks at a world map and plots the areas which are known for strange disappearances of ships, planes, submarines and people, he will at once notice that they are equally distributed throughout the globe. There are five north of the equator and five south, plus one each at the North Pole and the South Pole. Now consider further that all these areas, with the exception of the polar zones, are on a 30

degree line, either 30 degrees north latitude or 30 degrees south latitude.

The Bermuda Triangle is roughly 30 degrees north and in the South Atlantic we have another zone at 30 degrees south latitude, off the coast of Porto Alegre in Brazil. Furthermore, those areas south of the equator are about 20 degrees east of their counterparts to the north. These areas are roughly 70 degrees apart as one travels along the 30 degree line in either hemisphere.

A straight line can be drawn between the various areas from an east-west direction, or at an angle; a straight line of 20 degrees can tie in the areas in the north to those in the south, and continuing around, they join those on the other side of the globe. Is it pure chance that areas of strange disappearances are geographically spaced with a precision seemingly beyond pure chance? The students of the paranormal think not!

These "soft" blobs on the globe are often referred to as the 12 vortices—magnetic whirlpools—or again, as "holes" or "doorways" or "lozenges" which many psychics feel are apertures through which have passed (or have been passed) so many persons and material objects. These persons, ships, planes, etc., could have been removed to other dimensions, or planes of existence or sometimes moved from one place to another on earth (teleported). Also, it is

through these doorways that intra- or extra-terrestrial craft (UFOs) from other probably superior beings move back and forth, bent on helpful exploratory or—a chilling thought—disciplinary missions.

Also, many psychics believe that these doorways to other dimensions may be manipulated and moved by the controlling intelligences. A doorway may pop up just about any place on the earth. How explain, for example, the odd adventures of the Vidals...

Did the Vidals drive into a hole in Time and Space—a tear in our dimension which leads to another?

On June 3, 1968, Dr. and Mrs. Gerardo Vidal attended a family reunion at the home of Senor Rapallini in Chascomus, a town situated near National Route 2 in Buenos Aires province, Argentina.

The Vidals arrived late that afternoon, enjoyed a lavish dinner, then started for home in Maipu. Another couple, relatives and neighbors of the Vidals in Maipu, decided to leave at the same time.

The other couple arrived home in Maipu in good time and without incident, and decided to await the return of the Vidals before retiring for the night. When the Vidals did not arrive home shortly after the other couple, they be-

came worried that perhaps the Vidals had met with an accident. After discussing the idea for a few minutes, the couple decided to get into their car and retrace the route in search of their neighbors. Their concern for the Vidals outweighed the inconvenience of the late hour.

They traveled the entire eighty miles back to the Rapillinis without seeing a trace of the Vidals or their car.

Deciding against staying the night in Chascomus, they set out once again, drove back to Maipu on Route 2, and returned home again, without finding a trace of the Vidals or their car. A call to the Maipu hospital informed them that no accident had been reported that night.

The Vidals had disappeared without a trace or clue to their whereabouts.

Forty-eight hours later, Senor Rapallini received a long distance telephone call from Mexico City, originating at the Argentine consulate. It was Dr. Vidal.

Dr. Vidal asked his friend to remain calm and not to worry about them. He said that he and his wife were both safe and unharmed, and would be flying back to Argentina. Dr. Vidal gave them the exact hour to expect their arrival at the Buenos Aires airport.

Astonished friends and relatives gathered at the airport to meet the plane from Mexico City. Dr. Vidal emerged from the plane wearing the

same clothes he had worn the night of the reunion, the night of the mysterious disappearance. Mrs. Vidal was taken immediately from the plane to a private clinic, the victim of a "violent nervous crisis."

Dr. Vidal had been admonished by the consulate not to issue any public statements about their strange "teleportation" from the province of Buenos Aires to Mexico, but he did relate enough information concerning the bizarre journey for the newspaper *La Razon* to put together a story made up of comments by Dr. Vidal, along with interviews with his friends and relatives.

A correspondent in Argentina sent copies of the various reports to *Other Dimensions* (an organization concerned with the paranormal), as printed in *La Razon*, giving the following eerie account of what happened to the Vidals that evening:

Dr. Vidal and his wife left the city of Chascomus a few minutes before midnight and were traveling on Route 2. They were listening to the radio and were traveling at a rate of speed that enabled them to keep their friend's taillights in view.

They were just outside the suburbs of Chascomus when the Vidals' automobile became engulfed in a dense fogbank. Dr. Vidal slowed down, and they became aware only of blackness.

The next thing Dr. and Mrs. Vidal knew it was suddenly bright daylight, and they were on an unfamiliar road. When Dr. Vidal stopped the car to investigate, he was amazed to discover that every bit of paint on the car had been scorched off the surface.

Dr. Vidal flagged down a passing motorist to ask directions, and when he returned to the car, nonplussed, he informed his wife that they were just outside Mexico City. They both refused to accept the motorist's statement, and were not convinced until they had stopped several others, and received the same answer—they were indeed just outside Mexico City.

One can imagine the mental turmoil two people would have upon discovering that they had traveled several thousand miles from home to a strange land on another continent.

When they arrived at the consulate's office in Mexico City they had to accept another bizarre fact, *that their strange blackout had lasted a period of forty-eight hours!*

In spite of the fact that the story seems to offer the elements of fantasy, it must be remembered that Mrs. Vidal was taken to a hospital for treatment of a nervous condition, the logical reaction to such an adventure, and that the Vidals did arrive on a non-stop plane from Mexico City. The car they were driving arrived near Mexico City, and the intervention of the consulate, plus the serious attitude of the Mai-

pu police concerning the event, and the confirmed telephone call all led to the establishment of the case being a factual event involving a strange disappearance—but fortunately for the Vidals, one that ended in a reappearance.

Did the Vidals indeed drive into a hole in Time and Space, a tear in the dimension in Argentina, and drive out again near Mexico City?

As a footnote to the story of the Vidal teleportation to Mexico City, the car, a Peugot 403, was allegedly sent from Mexico to the United States for examination, and the Vidals were furnished with another just like it. Unfortunately, the report never indicated what, if anything, was discovered about the car in the laboratory; nor under whose direction, government or civilian, it was taken; nor who furnished the Vidals with another just like it.

War produces strange stories, and a case of soldiers stepping into other dimensions, or whatever, is to be found in an event that took place in August 1915.

In Gallipoli, a peninsula in European Turkey, war was once again the reason for brother to rise against brother, and blood spilled on the all-absorbing ground.

The summit of Hill 60 was under the control of Turkish troops, and an Allied assault

was planned for the afternoon of August 21, with three thousand infantrymen scheduled for the attack.

It was around noon, and the New Zealand division was positioned on a ridge overlooking the area. They saw five hundred British soldiers of the Norfolk Regiment form a single line and begin the advance on Hill 60.

A few hundred yards ahead of the British soldiers was a thick fog, which clung to the land, and was impossible to see through. The New Zealanders could not help but notice that while there was a strong wind, the fog did not move, tenaciously clinging to the hillside.

One by one the British soldiers advanced into the fog, vanishing from view as they did. The New Zealanders waited for the troops to come out of the fog, but they never did!

A few minutes later, after all 500 British soldiers had entered the strange mist—still solid and compact—it rose from the ground and drifted away. The soldiers, every last man of them, had vanished!

One more peculiarity was noticed by the New Zealanders. The fog, or whatever it was, drifted away, but *against the wind.*

Vanishing armies are not altogether uncommon with the British, it seems, for in 1898 a platoon of infantrymen vanished in the Sudan, and a company of Royal Engineers marched in-

to the Khyber Pass on the Northwest Frontier, also in 1898, and never marched out.

Fearing that tribesmen had attacked the engineers, authorities sent an infantry battalion in search of the men. The trail left by the engineers was easy enough to follow; but suddenly, the tracks ended. It was as if the entire company of men had been suddenly snatched from the ground by forces unknown.

Moving back a bit in history, we find the British are not the only ones subject to strange disappearances of military personnel.

In 1711, during the Spanish War of Secession, four thousand troops set out on an expedition into the Pyrenees. Their campsite for the night was later found by searchers, but no other trace of the men was ever found. They had literally vanished from the face of the earth.

In keeping with the theory of a time warp, could it be possible for an entire army to walk through such a warp, bend it around, and wind up marching past the inhabitants of the "future" or even the past, lost to their own time in history?

A case is on record that would fit this hypothesis.

In the mid-1700s, Archibald Bell, a Scottish farmer, and his son, were walking down a local road. Before long they heard the noise and clatter of many feet, and to them it sounded

like the approach of an advancing army. As soldiers were not adverse to recruiting unwilling victims to their ranks right on the spot, the two men hastily found a hiding place some distance from the road, high on a hillside.

Beneath them passed a vast army. There was nothing unusual about the soldiers, other than the fact they were wearing uniforms unlike anything seen in the highlands of Scotland, and the cut of their breeches was in the style of another era.

The elder Bell noticed a strange thing about the parade. There was no ground swell of dust accompanying the marchers. Suddenly the entire army vanished from view. When the two men investigated, they found the road empty and untrodden.

To his dying day the elder Bell insisted the army was one of the future; his son maintained they were troops from the past.

One of the most publicized disappearances in history was that of Judge Crater, Supreme Court Justice of New York, who suddenly and completely vanished in August, 1930.

During the forty-four years that have passed, there has never been a solid clue indicating what fate befell the judge.

In 1959, writer Murray Teigh Bloom heard of the phenomenal work being done in Europe

with police investigations of missing persons by Gerald Croiset, the famous psychic. Bloom decided to have Croiset come to the United States and try his hand at discovering what had happened to Judge Crater.

Croiset held a picture of the judge in his hands, went into a light trance, and said it was a photograph of a judge who had been kidnapped and murdered about twenty-five years earlier. Croiset then drew a map of New York City, and pinpointed with X's the locations he felt were important in the mystery.

It was later learned by Bloom that Croiset had given him details that until then were known only by the authorities, although there has never been conclusive evidence that the judge was kidnapped and murdered. All information gathered over the years indicates simply that Judge Crater suddenly, and without trace, disappeared, never to be heard from by anybody again.

Unfortunately, every year there are hundreds of cases similar to that of Judge Crater, where people are here one moment, leading normal and apparently happy lives, and gone for all time the next.

Another such disappearance concerned a man by the name of Charles F. Holden, a retired paint contractor from Oakland, Califnia, who went on a week-end hunting trip with

his son and his brother-in-law in October, 1964.

Holden, not being a hunter, decided to paint and sketch while the others hunted for game. The three men stopped on the highway east of Crescent City, California, at about two in the afternoon on October 11. The two younger men began scouting the area for game while the seventy-eight-year-old Holden set up his sketching board. His son Albert glanced back as they started up the trail, and saw the older man sketching vigorously.

When the two men returned, about forty-five minutes later, there was absolutely no trace of the senior Holden—not so much as a scrap of sketching paper or a cigarette butt.

Sheriff's deputies and forestry officials conducted an extensive investigation without finding a single clue to the disappearance of Holden. Deputy David Grenbemer said, "It is physically impossible for him to be up there. If he had fallen into the brush or if he had wandered away—any distance—we would have found him."

What had happened to Charles F. Holden? Did he, in the brief span of forty-five minutes, get up from his sketching, and wander into a psychic window to dimensions beyond our own? All we know is that he was there—sketching—one moment, and gone to who knows where the next.

Take the case of Mrs. Joe Sanchez, a forty-five-year-old Texas housewife, who accompanied her husband and three sons on a fishing trip to Port Arkansas on March 10, 1968.

After setting themselves by the water, the rest of her family went back to the car for a misplaced item, and when they returned to the spot where Mrs. Sanchez had been only moments before—she was gone. A search that lasted for ten days failed to turn up even the smallest clue as to what had happened to her. Another victim of a strange and unaccountable vanishing.

A United Press International news story, datelined London, England, told of seven trucks, along with their drivers, which totally and inexplicably vanished during a four-month period in 1958. According to authorities, all seven men, and their rigs, vanished forever after leaving the parking lot of a certain popular highway cafe.

Trucking firm executives testified that each of the men was a reliable driver, and each of them was a bachelor. Could it be that some love-struck flying saucer females decided to go man-fishing above the British highway? Or an equally bizarre thought—did some entities on a cosmic safari bag some fresh game for their trophy rooms? Or, did the truckers drive their rigs through a psychic window into another dimension of time and space?

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If there are windows between dimensions, allowing people to walk from one to the other, and sometimes return, as reports indicate, can ships and planes also wander from one dimension to another? And, once through the window, its passengers and crew dead from fright, what is to stop that ship from becoming another *Flying Dutchmen*, slipping in and out of two dimensions, confusing those who see them from this plane of existence?

One such case of apparent "window-hopping" involved a three-masted ship, the *Marlborough*. It was early in January, 1890, when the *Marlborough* sailed from Lyttleton, New Zealand. She carried several passengers, an experienced crew, and a veteran captain.

She never arrived in her home port of Glasgow, Scotland, however, and after a year an inquiry was held to determine what had happened to the ship. The crew of another ship did report seeing the *Marlborough* near the Straits of Magellan.

The inquiry produced little beyond this single report of sighting the ship off South America, but twenty-three years later, a sailing vessel sighted a stranded ship off the coast of Chile.

An investigating party rowed to the strange ship, and found it to be the *Marlborough*. Though her masts were intact, the sails were torn to shreds, and a green mold grew on every-

thing. Passengers and crew members were found scattered around the ship, their bodies long since shrunken and mummified.

There was no evidence of what fate the ship had met, and its log book had rotted away over the years. There were no indications of violence, however.

It was determined that the ship could not have spent the entire twenty-four year period in the cove, for someone would have spotted her; and in her rotted condition, she could not have lasted long in the cove, as she would have been bashed to bits.

On the other hand, there is the question of how the *Marlborough* could have lasted anyplace for that period of time. The open sea can be most merciless at times, and violent storms would certainly have done her in without doubt.

Could the ship have entered a time warp in the Time-Space continuum and sailed around in confusion until all aboard died of starvation, one by one? If that be the case, is it possible that when she was spotted by the other ship near the Straits of Magellan, she could have already entered another dimension and been seeing another landscape in her reality?

It is doubtful we shall ever know the true fate of the *Marlborough*, and the dozens of other ships that have apparently met a similar

fate. All we can do from this point in time and space is to make a few guesses—and hope somewhere along the line we will hit on the truth.

4

THOSE UFO'S

"Abandoned ship. Strange circular metal object forcing us aboard it. Help us!"

This message was reported to have been found in a bottle afloat in the South Pacific in 1959 and there are those who linked the cry for help with the discovery of the schooner *Joyita* found drifting minus its crew four years earlier. The *Joyita*, some believe, was the apparent victim of another Devil's Triangle located in a triangle formed by Japan, Wake Island, and Guam—an area also called the Devil's Sea or Devil's Deep.

There does seem to be some link, say many psychics, between ill-fated craft and UFOs—"a circular metal object forcing us aboard it . . ." So often it is found that areas where UFOs are sighted are also near the mysterious waters where ships, planes, and people vanish without a trace. Could it be something more than pure chance?

With the enigma that surrounds the whole UFO picture, one theory is probably as good as another, so the idea of a kidnapping by UFO-nauts who take their captives to other dimensions is at least equal in interest to some of the other current guesses. In addition, there are also those who believe strongly that our present Earth is parallel to yet other dimensions of existence, some reached only after physical death. If this be the case, then perhaps physical death is not absolutely necessary—providing the individual comes across one of the doorways and finds himself no longer of this world, in the physical sense, but still in existence on another plane or dimension. (This theory, could be enriched by various biblical accounts of those who were "translated" in the physical body.)

In regard to the theory that UFOs are kidnapping people, let's take a look at what John Keel had to say in a *Saga* magazine article (December, 1970). The account concerns about forty school children who suddenly vanished without explanation. The incident, according to Keel, happened in the summer of 1967 in an Indian village in the northern part of Canada —a village accessible only by air.

Forty-eight hours after the children mysteriously vanished, they reappeared unharmed, and talking excitedly about their adventure and where they had been. They had been taken,

they said, by a group of very small men who put them through a series of examinations, and had treated them quite well. Each child was given a small white cube, which was sweet, but did not melt like sugar.

The question posed by Keel is what did the cube contain? A chemical that would cause them to forget what really happened to them? Or were the cubes a form of "space candy," given to the children as a treat, just as the family doctor usually gives children chewing gum or candy after their shots?

While the Bermuda Triangle seems to hold a record for strange disappearances, whatever mechanics are involved, reports of individuals walking through psychic doorways or holes come from all parts of the world, on land as well as sea. The Bermuda area may well be an opening just a bit bigger than the others, capable of allowing whole ships and squadrons of planes suddenly to enter a "twilight zone" to other dimensions of time and space.

Pascagoula, Mississippi is the point where the UFO "flap" began in October, 1973. Pascagoula is not far from the infamous Bermuda Triangle.

Two fishermen, forty-five-year-old Charles Hickson and his nineteen-year-old companion, Calvin Parker, reportedly saw a strange fish-

shaped craft hovering above the waters, and were later taken aboard for complete physical examinations, following the landing of the strange UFO. The two men, according to Sheriff Fred Diamond, were "scared to death," but basically unharmed by the event.

Were the two fishermen more fortunate then some, in the fact that they were released and allowed to return to their normal lives? Is it possible that such craft appear periodically, snatch human prey, and take them to their other-dimensional lairs for all eternity?

The sighting of the UFO was not the end of events in Pascagoula, however. A short time later the Coast Guard was notified of a strange underwater object in the Pascagoula River by forty-two-year-old Raymond Ryan, who says he saw the object while fishing in the river the night of November 6, just a few weeks following the UFO incident.

Ryan told the authorities that the underwater light followed him in his boat, and that when he attempted to get rid of it by beating it away with an oar, it only became dimmer, but did not disappear.

Ryan's first impulse was to remain silent about the whole affair, but considering the earlier reports of the UFO, he felt it might be important to report his sighting in the event there might be some connection.

After his initial encounter with the strange

light, Ryan got his brother, Rayme, and the two men returned to the river. The two men poked at the light with their oars with the same effect—the light would dim, then brighten again when they stopped poking at it.

The object was described to be in four to six feet of water and traveling at the rate of four to six knots per hour. The "unidentified, submerged, illuminated object," was an amber beam, four to six inches in diameter, attached to a metal object. Whenever authorities tried to retrieve the object, it appeared to go out and move away, only to return a short time later.

A report was said to have been sent to Washington concerning the incident, but further investigation has revealed little that the government cares to release—if indeed, there is more to it.

Perhaps one of the most famous and bizarre tales of this UFO-conscious era concerns the case of Dr. M.K. Jessup and the so-called "Allende letters," and the alleged teleportation of an entire crew and ship from Philadelphia to Norfolk!

On January 13, 1956, the well-known astrophysicist Dr. M.K. Jessup, author of the best selling book *The Case For the UFOs*, received the first of two strange letters from a Carlos Miguel Allende, who told Dr. Jessup of a se-

cret U.S. Navy experiment which, in October, 1943, allegedly accomplished the teleportation of a warship from its Philadelphia dock to its home base at Norfolk, Virginia. Allende claimed it was a practical application of Einstein's unified theory.

Not only did the ship teleport, according to Allende, but the entire ship and its crew became invisible!

As a result of the process that caused invisibility, several of the crew members experienced spontaneous combustion, while others lapsed into invisibility in front of their families. In one case, a crew member reportedly disappeared in front of a group in a crowded bar. The fate of over half the crew and officers of that ship was commitment to mental institutions for the rest of their lives.

Jessup, throughout his book, called upon readers to pressure the political representatives to demand research into Einstein's unified field theory so man might be able to learn more about the nature of gravity and be able to apply that knowledge to what was then the infant space program. Allende, however, took Jessup to task for such an invocation to the public. Allende pointed out that Einstein was more interested in "humanistics" than mathematics. Allende further stated that someone he called Dr. Franklin Reno rechecked Einstein's theory "with a view to any and every possible

quick use of it" and maintained that this resulted in the creation of a force that turned half the crew and officers of the warship "mad as hatters."

Allende explained that an after-effect of a human having been within the force field too long was a fading into uncontrolled invisibility, and that another side-effect of the bizarre experiment was to "get stuck" or to be unable to move voluntarily, in which case the sailor would freeze.

"If a man freezes," wrote Allende, "his position must be marked out carefully and then the field is cut off. Everyone but that frozen man is able to move, to appreciate apparent solidarity again."

Allende told Jessup that it takes at least an hour to free a sailor from the "freeze of invisibility," but that sometimes it took all night and in one case took six months to get the man unfrozen.

Allende defined the "deep freeze" as the result of a "hyper-field" set up within the field of a human body. He said that a highly complicated piece of equipment had to be constructed in order to unfreeze those unfortunate seamen. He also commented that a deep freeze man usually goes mad, "stark raving, gibbering, running mad if his 'freeze' is more than a day in our time."

Fully as horrifying as the deep-freeze ef-

fects of uncontrolled invisibility were the incidents Allende reported of crewmen who "went into the flame."

He told the story of a sailor carrying a small boat compass who went into the freeze, then began to smolder. Allende theorized that this was caused by the metal on his person. Another sailor rushed to aid the first, and both sailors burned for eighteen days!

Allende grimly noted that "men's minds went by the scores. The experiment was a complete success. The men were complete failures.

Allende implied that he had been a witness to the whole affair, while stationed aboard the *S.S. Andrew Furnseth.* He closed his letter to Jessup by saying that he hoped the author would choke on his own tongue. Only madness and terror could result from further application of Einstein's unified field theory, according to Allende.

Then, in a lengthy postscript to his indignant letter, Allende said that the U.S. Navy was probably quite blameless in the tragic incident and may have begun the experiment without envisioning the ghastly application of the theory upon the crew.

Something about the letter, in spite of its careless style, grammar, punctuation, and spelling convinced Dr. Jessup that the man was no crackpot.

The letter had been postmarked in Texas,

but Allende gave a home address in Pennsylvania. Dr. Jessup was both baffled and intrigued. After all, it had been Einstein's letter to President Franklin D. Roosevelt that set into motion the machinery that developed the first atomic bomb. Had Einstein written other letters? Had the military envisioned a fleet of invisible battleships that could conquer the Japanese Imperial Navy or elude the prying eyes of the Nazi submarines? In reality, was the application of Einstein's unified field theory any more fantastic than the creation of the atomic bomb?

Dr. Jessup heard no more from Allende for four months. By that time Allende had Americanized his name, and the next letter was signed Carl M. Allen, and the general tone of that letter was less acidic and more cooperative.

He offered to subject himself to narcohypnosis in an attempt to dredge from his subconscious the names of personnel involved in the experiments. Allen-Allende ended the letter with a question. He wondered if the Navy may have used this "accident of transport to build your UFOs? It is a logical advance from any standpoint."

It was at this point that the Allen-Allende case became a spellbinding mystery for ufologists, and continues to be so even today.

Dr. Jessup was invited to the Office of Naval

Research in Washington, D.C., and when he arrived was presented with a copy of *The Case For the UFOs* and was told the book arrived in a Manila envelope addressed to Admiral N. Furth, Chief, Office of Naval Research. A cheery "Happy Easter" was penned across the face of the envelope.

Dr. Jessup started to flip the pages of the paperback edition of his book, and saw instantly what had puzzled the O.N.R.

At least three persons had inscribed numerous comments in the page margins in three colors of ink. It did not take Dr. Jessup long to recognize the crazy-quilt style of Carlos Miguel Allende. The Navy requested the two copies of the Allende letters from Jessup, and twenty-five copies of the letters and annotated copy of the book were reproduced for study by the Varo Corporation of Texas.

If possible, the enigma became more enigmatic and complicated. Why was the Navy suddenly interested in the Allende letters and the annotated copy of the book? Why did not these documents receive more than the usual heave-ho into the waste basket?

As the notations were examined, it became evident that perhaps these arrogant notewriters had a well-stocked mental library of remarkable scientific facts. Each mystery writer, in annotating the copy of the book, alludes to

the secret Navy project in several marginal comments.

Had our Navy actually conducted such experiments in October, 1943? What elements in the Allende letters and the marginal notes caused such interest in the O.N.R.?

The introduction by an O.N.R. writer to the Varo edition states that: "Because of the importance which we attached to the possibility of discovering clues to the nature of gravity, no possible item, however disreputable from the point of view of classical science, should be overlooked."

The notemakers themselves overlooked little in the way of strange phenomena on which to comment. Their notes described two types of UFO and apparently two types of ufonauts manning them. The "L-Ms" seem to be friendly to earthlings, while the "S-Ms" are hostile.

At one place in the margin of the Jessup book the three discuss the possibility of a force-field making a man fly and one of them claims that a scientist from a Paris university has accomplished this.

Phenomena such as "strange falls of flesh, animals, and aquatic life" are dismissed by "Jemi," one of the annotators, as "spoiled food dropped." When Dr. Jessup theorizes in the book about strange disappearances of men, Jemi scribbles, "Heh! If he only knew why, he'd die of shock!"

Another of the marginal writers, a "Mr. B" writes that the philosophic attitude of the French have made them ideal as flying saucer contactees and goes on to comment that many "L-Ms" live in France out of preference.

Man as a species was constantly mocked in the notations throughout the book in a big brother fashion.

When Dr. Jessup discusses such erratics as steel implements found in tertiary coal deposits and proposes that they were shaped by an intelligence at least 300,000 years ago, the annotators seemed amused by the "acknowledgement" that civilizations were around before man became man as we know him today.

"Einstein wasn't alive then," smirked the third marginal scribe, a "Mr. A" (thought to be Allende himself), "but the natural functions of our universe and this planet worked quite well without him."

Jemi, a bit philosophical, then asks, "What inspiration caused man to become man by starting to use tools? Whence came the idea? Science says 'of necessity,' the same necessity exists for apes . . . even now."

When Dr. Jessup writes that the fact remains that only a few bold thinkers have dared to be noncomformists enough to admit the existence of weird and unexplained phenomena and to investigate them, Mr. A writes, "Don't

worry, those few do not count. He again asks too much of proud, vain mankind."

In the margin of the Table of Contents for Dr. Jessup's book is the following notation by Mr. A: "Anyone reading this book would have to know that electron quantums, within molecular structures, are similar in scope of 'field' as planets orbit. They would have to know that electrons in metal go across, what in planetary systems would be billions of miles, leaving through a gravitational field, a dead-spot or node, or vortice, or neutral, as this one thing is variously called. Realizing this, as Dr. Albert Einstein did, it shows clearly how solids may become energy or dissolute and how they may pass easily out of visual scope instantly. This is merely one clue gleaned from Einstein's theory of unified magnetic field through all substances and throughout whole inter-galactic universes. U.S. Navy experiments, 1943, on one part of it, proved plenty!"

Has the secret of UFO propulsion been simply presented in this marginal note by Mr. A? Has someone mastered the technique of converting solids into energy forms for projection across billions of miles in seconds? In the introduction to his text, Dr. Jessup states that his most earnest desire is to "make an intelligent evaluation of the subject (UFOs)."

Mr. B. makes a grim assessment of Dr. Jessup's ambition by stating, "If he does succeed

in such evaluation, nobody cares enough to bother believing him for that would require the effort of courage and the *Gaiyar* (their name for *Homo sapiens*) are such cowards and conformists. Even if believed, nobody would dare say so, for that would require action and they dare not act in belief of a belief that interferes with usual living."

The identities of Mr. A., Mr. B. and Jemi have never been satisfactorily resolved, and the return address given by Carlos Allende was checked out, and found to be a deserted farmhouse that had formerly been occupied, according to neighbors, by an elderly couple and a boarder. Then one day, a moving van loaded all the furniture and hauled it away. By the time investigators arrived the house gave the appearance of having been vacant for some years.

Did the Navy actually conduct those fantastic experiments that teleported a large ship and made some of its crew invisible, some of them piles of ashes, and others, jibbering idiots?

In 1967 Brad Steiger wrote of the Allende letters for *Saga* magazine that resulted in a deluge of interesting mail. One letter writer implied that he had been a seaman aboard the ship where the alleged experiments had taken place. He told Steiger that the author could not write so objectively of such matters if he had been forced to live with this

horror. Others wrote that they had been harassed by "agents" after witnessing UFO activity. Still others wrote to tell of being "controlled by" or living in constant fear of, a secret group which they claimed was responsible for everything from natural disasters to the assassination of President Kennedy. And then, of course, there were those who swore that they were the *real* Carlos Miguel Allende.

Were these letters the result of kooky and confused minds, or were they sincere documents of psychological scars suffered as a result of a fantastic experiment conducted during World War Two? Were they born of the terror of witnessing UFO activity and visits from a secret group of UFO silencers?

And are Mr. A. (Allende?), Mr. B., and Jemi really survivors of an old terrestrial race which co-exists with us in the twentieth century? Have the remnants of this earlier race hidden themselves in underground cities—or do they walk among us as an alien fifth column? Is there *something* cluttering up the atmosphere without proper authorization from the Civil or Federal Aviation Authorities? Just who or what are these "objects"; what do they want; and from what position in time or space do they come?

If the three men were really agents of some alien culture—either terrestrial or extra-terrestrial—why would they send a copy of their

scribbling and annotations to the Office of Naval Research? Are the three who are openly arrogant and often ridicule man as a species, really ill-disposed toward us? If not exactly benevolent they apparently approve of the actions of the pacifistic "L-Ms" and are critical of the hostile "S-Ms."

Jessup's book, with its annotations, was in an envelope that had been marked "Happy Easter." What does this indicate? The envelope was received in July or August! Easter, of course, symbolizes rebirth, redemption, and resurrection. Might not the words "Happy Easter" on the annotated copy of *The Case for the UFOs* mean something similar? Could it mean the aliens have decided to give man another chance, a reprieve?

There is an ever-growing body of UFO researchers who feel that the flying saucer occupants will reveal themselves to earth people only after certain strategically issued bits and pieces of information have been correctly assembled and properly interpreted.

Perhaps the copy of Dr. Jessup's book was used as a contact point because of the message it contained and the subjects covered, which included ice falls, flesh falls, falling stones, falling live things, strange storms, ancient civilizations, and disappearing people—not to mention teleportation, levitation, fireballs and

intelligent life in space. Dr. Jessup showed that the UFO study must be enlarged.

We still do not know the impact, or for that matter, the truth, of the Allende letters and the annotations of the trio who sent the book to the Navy. The enigma of the letters is still subject for discussion around campfires and fireplaces on cold wintry nights when UFO buffs get together, as well as when serious UFO researchers are probing the unknown for their answers. Perhaps the letters and the marginal scribblings are but steps closer to that not-too-distant day when we will have many answers to the UFO enigma, as well as the accounting for the strange disappearances that have plagued mankind over the years.

Psychics who investigate such matters as the Bermuda Triangle, the Devil's Sea and the other spots throughout the world believed to be holes or doorways to other dimensions of time and space have come to a basic conclusion that these infamous areas do indeed gobble up ships, planes, and people at a rate considerably higher than other areas where strange disappearances have taken place throughout history.

But is it possible that these areas drift or move around from time to time like mobile UFO ports?

Take, for example, the case of a tugboat and

her five-man crew, which disappeared at a location far from both the Bermuda Triangle and the Devil's Sea off Japan.

On January 11, 1967, the four-year-old tugboat was plying the waters off Sechelt, British Columbia. She was there one minute—gone the next!

There was no apparent reason why the relatively new sixty-six-foot ship should sink, nor was there reason for a similar disappearance of another ship in that area less than one month before. The only clue, if indeed it was a clue, was that UFOs had been sighted in that area at the time.

The authorities, however, chose to ignore the reports concerning UFOs in the area, feeling there was no connection between the two missing ships and the reported observations of flying saucers. Yet the pattern is there, for far too often we have UFO reports preceeding such strange disappearances on land as well as sea.

Are the mysterious areas actually psychic doorways that drift around according to the whims of some super intelligence controlling them, opening and closing the portals to implement a giant plan?

Did the Bermuda Triangle, for reasons of its own, move to Oklahoma on a night in 1964 and kidnap eleven-year-old Mary R.? Her disappearance was strange and horrifying.

Mary had had an argument with her parents that evening, and while it was not revealed as to what they argued about, Mary stomped out of the house in anger, into the dark of night in a rural area near Oklahoma City.

Moments later Mary's mother, feeling sorry for her, went out to find her, only to be greeted by Mary's high-pitched scream of terror and pain. The mother ran into the blackness and saw what she later described as a "flying ashtray" zooming away from the house. Mary was found about thirty feet from the house, lying on the ground. There was the sickening stench of burnt flesh in the air.

When Mrs. R. tried to question her daughter there was no answer, for Mary was no longer able to fashion words. She could give only violent expression to the terrible pain that engulfed her small body. She was not capable of giving an intelligent report of what had happened to her just moments before.

Mrs. R. carried Mary to the house, and the mystery continued to grow.

The local police were called, but a patrol car from Oklahoma City answered the call. Although ambulance service did not normally extend beyond the city limits, it did make an exception that night. Two hours later Mary was transferred from the Midwest City hospital to the hospital at Tinker Air Force Base,

even though no member of the family qualified for hospitalization at a government hospital.

Two days later, three witnesses reported that all the personal belongings of the R. family were packed into two large vans, reported to be "Air Force Blue" in color.

After months of investigation—all leading to dead ends—UFO researcher Robert A. Stiff in Oklahoma City was able to locate a contact with access to Air Force records, and although Stiff could not produce concrete proof, it appears that the R. family and their personal belongings were transferred to Washington, D.C.

Bob Stiff, an accomplished UFO investigator, is a professional man with a solid academic background, and, at that time, a columnist for *Saucer Scoop*, a leading flying saucer and associated phenomena publication.

During his investigation of the Mary R. case, Stiff received numerous phone calls telling him to stop both the investigation and his UFO research.

Stiff received the first telephone call on February 7, 1967, from an anonymous "adviser" who seemed amused whenever the term "UFO" was used and made every effort to seem contemptuous of Stiff's research. Out of a total of thirteen calls, all but two were received at seven o'clock in the evening, and the voice was always the same on all calls, according to Stiff.

"I've never been prone to accept contactee stories in any form without substantial proof," Stiff told us. "Although I scoff at the idea of 'aliens' contacting me by telephone, I do admit to being baffled, and I have been somewhat concerned."

The telephone calls continued, and the message was always basically the same: stop the investigation into UFO matters—particularly the incident involving Mary R.

Stiff did not cease his investigation, however, and eventually it led to levels that included the aid of a U.S. Senator.

In a special column for *Saucer Scoop*, inserted just before mailing, the exclusive feature was headlined "U.S. Senator Aids in UFO Investigation."

The story seemed to show that dogged determination does sometimes pay off, for, according to Stiff, the Air Force Base did finally admit they had a file on the Mary R. case, but they refused to release it without orders from the Pentagon! Such a statement seemed rather strange then in light of the fact that the Air Force has repeatedly disavowed the accusations of UFO investigators that certain cases have been hushed up.

The Senator was a man with power in the nation's capital, and the Pentagon release came through shortly, but the material was not released to Stiff.

A television show on which Stiff was scheduled to appear was nearly cancelled, but finally was aired, after he was told by the show's director that he was in no way to refer to the burn case of Mary R. The director admitted that he was as mystified by his orders as Stiff, but he said those orders came directly from the station manager.

The Senator, for reasons unknown, seemed to lose interest in the case, and Tinker AFB decided they could not release the files on the case after all. The officer at the base who had been talking with Stiff about the case now refused all calls from him.

And on top of Stiff's disappointments in running into dead-ends on the Mary R. case, personal problems started to beset him.

He was hospitalized with a blood clot in his leg, requiring hospitalization for a week. When he was released he was told to minimize his activity for the next month.

His period of recuperation was blighted further when he received a letter allegedly from the publisher of *Saucer Scoop* telling him that his services were no longer needed and that his column was being cancelled.

While the letter was signed by Joan Whritenour, and postmarked St. Petersburg, Florida, the home office of *Saucer Scoop*, Stiff recognized it as an obvious forgery. "If Joan wanted to

fire me, she would have blistered my ears. She surely wouldn't send such a formal little ditty as this," commented Stiff.

Telephone calls from the mysterious "adviser" started coming in again, continuing to advise Stiff to stop all investigations. A letter signed "A Friend" said the writer knew what was happening to Stiff, and that he could not beat "them," and for his own good to stop the investigations.

The telephone calls ceased after the thirteenth call on November 3, 1967, and one more letter appeared in his mailbox, without postage or postmark—apparently delivered in person.

It read: *Stop now or they will act. Please believe me: they will do it.* (signed) A Friend.

The mystery of the strange burning of Mary R. seemed at a stand-still. According to Stiff the witnesses were scared into changing their stories, the Senator refused to answer any further inquiries, and the family who originally witnessed seeing the Air Force blue trucks move the R. family refused further comment. Today we seem no closer to the truth of what happened to Mary R., her family, or the witnesses in that Oklahoma rural area who were convinced to forget the whole matter. Nor do we know why the U.S. Senator suddenly lost interest in the whole affair.

Many psychics are certain that UFOs are often reported sighted in areas *just before* ships, airplanes and people vanish from this plane of existence.

Perhaps Mary R. would have also become a strange disappearance had her mother not come out of the house when she did. Perhaps Mary would have been taken aboard the strange craft that looked like an "ashtray." The craft took off too soon, however, causing Mary R. to receive serious burns—but at least she remained in this dimension of time and space!

5

PHANTOMS FROM THE DEEP (AND BEYOND) AND SPELLS OF GHOSTLY WEATHER

It is said that the Swedish ship *Dorthe-maersk* was sailing the waters of South America on December 13, 1959, when her radio operator sent a message indicating they had sighted a strange craft descending from the sky. The object was described as very brilliant and giving off strange flares of light. The operator described the UFO as cone-shaped.

The craft became very bright as it neared the surface of the ocean, then with a loud, crashing sound, the mysterious UFO dived *into the water*, causing the sea to turn brilliant colors and become turbulent.

Giant "wheels" have been reported at various times, sighted below the surface of the ocean. They are usually quite large and illuminated, or phosphorescent, creating a very eerie effect.

One such wheel was sighted in November, 1949, by a Commander in the U.S. Navy, who

reported an object while aboard ship in the waters as they were heading for India.

The Commander had been called to the bridge by the third mate, who said there was something he thought should be seen. There, about four points off the port bow, was a band of luminous lights that seemed to be pulsating just below the horizon. The wheel was similar in appearance to the Northern Lights, but it was much too low to be related to that well-known phenomenon. The strange light appeared to be approaching the ship.

As it neared the vessel, the pulsating effect seemed to start at the center of the object and move out toward the rim. When it was about a mile from the ship, it was obvious that the object, whatever it was, had a diameter of roughly 1000 to 1500 feet and that the pulsations were caused by a rotation of light around the center of the object.

Eventually the ship passed right over the luminous area of the giant wheel, and the light was sufficient to illuminate the upper portions of the ship.

The large wheel of light passed beyond the stern of the ship, but when it was several miles behind the vessel, another strange light appeared to the starboard side of the ship. It was less brilliant, however. About a half hour later, a third wheel was sighted, but it was even dimmer than the second one had been.

The wheels of light could have been caused by natural phosphorescence in the water, activated by regular waves of energy. Such phenomena have been caused by schools of certain fish, but there is always the question of whether it was indeed a natural phenomenon that night or the result of seeing an underwater craft of some sort yet unknown to us.

What was at first thought to be a new type of Soviet submarine was sighted six miles southeast of Catalina by a chartered fishing boat on July 28, 1962, according to an aerospace editor for the *Los Angeles Times*.

The skipper of the fishing boat allegedly spotted a series of lights in the dark waters just before dawn. They were low in the water and apparently stationary. He manuevered his craft to change the course to San Clemente. By then, the lights were straight ahead of the forty-six-foot boat. The skipper then viewed the object through his binoculars, and was amazed to see a low, lighted structure where several men were working. Another crewmember also took his turn with the binoculars, and the two men reported what appeared to be the stern of a submarine with five men on it.

The fishing boat later passed within a quarter mile of the strange craft, and it had to turn hard to keep clear of the unidentified submarine as it moved past them at a high rate of speed on its way out to sea. The men reported

that they heard no noise and that the craft was not trailing a wake, although it did create a good sized swell.

A detailed report was made to the Navy, but the strange vessel did not fit any of the known silhouettes of foreign ships or subs. The only clue was that the description given by the men seemed to fit that of secret submarines allegedly captured in 1959 by the Argentine Navy at Buenos Aires. Still later, information seemed to indicate that the craft resembled another object that had been sighted and described simply as a huge, silver-colored fish with high speed and extreme maneuverability.

Not all those vessels sighting strange underwater objects or UUOs are as fortunate as the ones mentioned above. In the case of the *Hattie D*, a yacht sunk on February 5, 1964, it is believed that the sinking was the result of such a UUO.

The *Hattie D* was a converted Navy search and rescue vessel, 105 feet long, that set to sea from Seattle on January 24 headed for California, with a few stops along the way. On February 2, the *Hattie D* left Neah Bay for the final leg of her cruise.

Whatever it actually was that sank the *Hattie D* may never be known, but the crew of nine plus the skipper and his wife were at least fortunate in being rescued on February 5, in-

stead of joining the ranks of mysterious disappearances.

During the investigation of the incident, a crewman described the object that sank the ship as being of steel and quite long, but there were no submarines in the area at that time.

What was the mysterious object in the 7,500 feet of water that claimed the *Hattie D?*

It was Christmas week in 1967, and hotel owner Dan Burrack of Miami Beach decided to ask his friend Father Patrick Horgan to join him aboard his twenty-three-foot cabin cruiser to view the Christmas lights of Miami Beach from about a mile off-shore.

Burrack was an experienced seaman, and his Chris Craft was equipped with standard safety features, including flotation chambers. The two men set forth on what should have been a normal, routine cruise.

What appeared to be a small problem did arise, however, and at 9:00 P.M. Burrack radioed the Coast Guard that his craft was disabled, the hull possibly damaged *after striking a submerged object.*

Still no great problem. The two men would just wait for the Coast Guard, knowing that their craft was unsinkable.

Within three minutes after receiving the call, the Coast Guard was on the way to the

two men to give assistance at their location within sight of Miami Beach.

The single call at nine o'clock was the only word the Coast Guard had from Burrack. When the rescue crew arrived at the designated spot just nineteen minutes after the call, they found only the bouy marking the ship channel where Burrack said they were.

An exhaustive search was conducted from the Florida Keys to Jacksonville, and 150 miles into the Atlantic, but never a trace was found of the innkeeper, the priest, or their cruiser, *Witchcraft.*

What caused the strange sinking of a shrimp boat in the Gulf of Mexico the first week in July, 1961? According to the owner, they had been fishing just off Port Arkansas when something hooked into the boat and ripped off the stern. Fortunately for the men, there was another boat nearby that rescued them.

A similar mysterious underwater collision involved a 24,000-ton tanker in New York City's East River. The *Alkaid,* bearing the Panamanian flag and carrying a full cargo of crude oil, was struck by a submerged object at 3:00 A.M. on July 15, 1960. The collision tore a massive gash in the starboard side of the large

ship, forcing the captain to beach the vessel near the United Nations Building.

After two days of hearings conducted by the Coast Guard, as well as an investigation by the Army Corp of Engineers—whose job it was to keep the harbor waters clear of all objects that might be hazardous to shipping—it was determined that there was no explanation for the mysterious "attack" on the *Alkaid* by an unidentified undersea object. No object was ever found that was capable of piercing the thick steel hull of a ship that size.

Yet another boat, the Danish trawler *SE 140,* experienced what could possibly be termed a UUO. It was early March, 1970, and the trawler was fishing northeast of Bronhold Island in the Baltic when something started dragging the ship backward. The trawler was released only when the trawl line holding the net was broken.

John Keel, writing in the November, 1973, issue of *Saga* Magazine tells of a fleet of mysterious submarines that have been an enigma to the navies of the world for the past twenty years. These submarines apparently belong to no known nation on earth.

Keel reports that search and destroy orders have gone out to various ships serving numerous navies. On occasion the elusive submarines

have been cornered in coves, rivers, and fjords —but they have always managed to escape their pursuers. Not a single mystery submarine has been captured in the twenty years of their known existence.

According to reports of eyewitnesses, these submarines are larger than any known underwater craft of the United States or the Soviet Union, and they have no visible hatches, portholes, or visible equipment. The surface of these submarines is perfectly smooth. In appearance they resemble nothing known to modern marine experts.

They have one more unusual feature, if the eyewitnesses are correct. They not only surface, a feat not uncommon for submarines, but they are able to rise into the air like giant dirigibles!

Keel continues his report by mentioning a strange thing about the giant submarines. While they have been reported all over the world, most sightings have been in the area of the Arctic Circle and near the Scandinavian countries. Could it be that they are connected in some way with the anomaly located at the North Pole?

The strange underwater craft was reported off Norway in November 1973. The Norwegian Defense Command reported the presence of an unidentified foreign submarine. Radar indicated the location of the mystery craft and it

was beyond all reason to think that the submarine could escape, but, on or near November 23, it did just that!

That night, after the submarine vanished, a series of red and green lights was spotted high up in the ice-covered mountains near Aurlandsfjorden.

Other sightings in Norway were reported shortly after the above incident, in which witnesses reported seeing strange periscopes in the water. Further searches were conducted by the Norwegians and Danes as far away as Greenland, but to no avail.

Mysterious submarine sightings are not all recent—or even within the past twenty years. Such sightings have been going on in Sweden since shortly after World War One.

Do mystery sub sightings have a connection with the various problems encountered in the Bermuda Triangle and other similar spots throughout the world? The psychic investigators have made some exotic speculations.

If, they say, there are vast empires beneath the surface of the ocean, and if there is a possibility that fabled Atlantis exists to this day as an undersea kingdom, then it becomes obvious that, on occasion, the inhabitants of such a watery domain would find it necessary to surface. Could the giant submarine be their counterpart to our great airships such as the

747? After all, submarines, in relation to the ocean, do "fly."

Perhaps, though the empire itself may be located below the Bermuda Triangle, for reasons of their own they find surfacing in the fjords of Norway more to their liking. A wild guess, but could it be that the Vikings are merely returning home after invading yet another country—Atlantis?

Still another hypothesis concerning the giant submarines might tie in with the various UFO sightings that tell of the large, often cigar-shaped, flying craft that hover over the ocean, then dive into it, thus giving rise to the idea that in the final analysis the "submarine" is actually a UFO in its submerged state.

Mysterious objects beneath the surface of the ocean are, of course, not limited to recent times. Legends of underwater monsters have been a part of every seaman's fears for as far back in history as men have sailed. Many of these objects were, obviously, the figments of over-active imaginations which had been created by the universal fear of the unknown. Men today, sailors as well as land-lubbers, still harbor a fear of things they do not understand. The Unidentified Underwater Objects may one day be explained as some natural phenomenon we as yet do not understand, but until such time arrives, men will continue to speculate and theorize on the unknown—whether it be

UFOs, UUOs or those elusive holes in our dimension which seem to lead to new dimensions of time and space.

In 1964, an American ship doing Antarctic research was a thousand miles west of Cape Horn, and the crew was busy photographing the floor of the ocean, which in that area is at a depth of 13,500 feet. The specially-designed camera used in this work is housed in a metal cylinder and is pulled along by cable, operated from top-side of the ship.

The darkroom technicians began to develop what they thought would be fairly routine film, when suddenly they noticed something totally different from anything they had seen before. The photographs had captured a strange device jutting out of the mud of the ocean bed. A central mast radiated four series of cross-rods, making the object appear to be something between a TV antenna and a telemetry antenna. The cross-rods were spaced at 90-degree angles and showed white knobs on their extremities. The object seemed to be man-made and very much out of place amid the natural environment of the ocean floor, especially at 13,500 feet below sea-level. The camera used for this kind of shooting is designed to bounce along the ocean floor, operating only at regular

intervals. It was little more than chance that it was able to photograph this particular object.

The ship docked on December 4, 1964 at Auckland, New Zealand, with its pictures of the strange object. The senior marine biologist on board the ship said the object could hardly be a plant of any kind, for at that depth there is no sunlight to produce the photosynthesis necessary to produce plant life. "If it is some strange coral formation, then no one on board has ever heard of it before. I wouldn't like to say this thing is man-made, because this brings up the problem of how one would get it there!"

But the biologist also admitted that it did not look like a product of nature. He estimated it to be about two feet high, clarified the location of the strange object as being on the 45,000 mile fault-line rift that encircles the earth.

C. A. Honey, a research engineer and editor of *Science Publications Newsletter*, received a copy of the photograph from *Spaceview*, the bimonthly publication of New Zealand Scientific Space Research, and he commented in the March-April issue of that publication that in his opinion the object was a seismic-activity measuring device, and further stated his doubts that earth scientists had placed it at a depth of 13,500 feet.

Honey went on to add, "Space visitors rebroadcast this type of information (seismic) to both their own people and geodetic offices in various countries." Honey referred to Project Longbank at Woodburne, Blenheim, New Zealand, and suggested that that project was related to seismic information transmitted from undersea devices placed by the space visitors.

Spaceview observes that "if Honey is right in his suggestion, we would have the preposterous situation whereby earth governments collect seismic data from space visitors whose existence they deny."

Whatever the answer to the enigmas within enigmas might be, we do know that witnesses so often report UFOs in areas of strange disappearances, on land as well as sea, and we have the UFO-submarine combination combined with the theories of undersea civilizations, particularly in the Bermuda Triangle zone—so who is to say that they are not all inter-related?

We have been concerned with the mysterious disappearances of ships, planes and people, particularly in those enigmatic areas such as the Bermuda Triangle. But what about the strange *appearances* of craft and people which seem to drop *into* our dimensions of time and space from who knows where?

Author Charles Fort, a writer interested in paranormal occurrences, recounted in one of his books an episode where a naked man suddenly appeared on High Street, Chatham, Kent, England. It was January 6, 1914, and people walking through the street that day gave witness to the fact that the man did suddenly appear from nowhere. He was just suddenly there, confused, frightened and stark naked, on a very cold day.

In another report Fort tells of six people who were discovered wandering in the streets and near the small English village of Ramford between January 14, 1920, and December 9, 1923. None of the confused individuals had the foggiest notion how they got there, nor very much of anything else about themselves.

Did these unfortunate people enter some sort of time-space tunnel, or were they actually individuals who came from another dimension of time and space—perhaps a dimension next to ours—and stepped into our world, as amazed as one of us would be stepping into theirs?

Throughout the United States and in other parts of the world there are periodic reports of strong winds and "ghost blasts" that cannot be accounted for by the presence of jet aircraft. There are earthquakes that do not register on the seismographs, and strange explo-

sions that leave no debris. A UFO emerging from other dimensions is one of the suspects most often named by those who have been scared to near death by the mysterious phantom winds that seem beyond explanation.

The gaping holes on a farm at Venice Center, New York, were examined by the State Police, Cornell University geologists and explosive experts from the Army and Air Force. The holes did not simply appear once—they appeared for three consecutive years—on November 12, 1966, 1967, and 1969. The experts ruled out the possibility that the holes were made by known explosives.

The Associated Press reported: "It's getting to be an annual affair; something goes boom in the night and leaves a hole within 300 yards of the one before."

On each November 12 for those three years local residents were shaken out of their beds by a loud explosion during the night. Upon investigating, they would discover a large crater on, or near, the farm. The mystery blast on the farm in 1968 was the loudest and largest of all, with the noise being heard as far away as twenty miles. That crater was eighteen feet wide and five feet deep.

When pressed for an answer by news reporters, a geologist from Cornell University simply replied, "There's a hole in the ground out there—that's a fact. The rest is open to conjecture."

A community in Connecticut has been plagued by mystery blasts for the past 300 years, mystifying scientists as well as the local residents of that village.

The "noises" always occur within the radius of a few miles around the village. "Although we have frequently investigated the explosions, we have found no clue to their cause," commented a researcher from Williams College. He said the explosions had been coming about every two or three years without warning.

"To the best of our knowledge," he continued, "no smoke or steam is ever seen at the site of these mystery blasts, and no buildings, trees or rock formations have ever been affected."

A strange phenomenon connected with the "noises" is the fact that it seems impossible to determine the direction of the blasts, according to local residents. Persons living over a wide area reported the blasts always seemed to be near them.

The explosions were recorded on the seismographs at Williams College and Harvard University, so the most comfortable theory offered by orthodox scientists was that they were some form of earthquake. But the villagers are far from satisfied with such a bland explanation.

A local hunter testified that he heard the sound directly *above* him, not from beneath his feet. Other area people argue that if the noises

were some form of earthquake, then tottering buildings and other local damage would have occurred during at least one of the blasts.

During the summer of 1959, a violent shock, along with two loud explosions were reported in an area 100 miles northeast of Amarillo, Texas, to Roswell, New Mexico, 200 miles to the southeast. In the town of Pampa, fifty-five miles northeast of Amarillo, the wall of a building was cracked by the blasts. Investigators found that seismographs indicated the blasts could not have been caused by an earthquake, and further investigation showed that no supersonic flights had been made over the area during the time of the explosions.

That same summer saw unexplained blasts over the San Francisco area in a three-day period. Those blasts knocked dishes from shelves and cracked plaster in many homes. Windows were shattered over a thirty-five mile radius and the mysterious explosions were credited with opening the door of a bank vault, triggering fire alarms, and setting off a warehouse sprinkler system.

Psychics engaged in the serious research of such strange mystery blasts point out that such phenomena as skyfalls, ghost winds, and phantom blasts date back to man's prehistory. But skeptics do not offer explanations that are any more acceptable to the individuals who have witnessed such strange phenomena—

which includes glowing and sometimes destructive rain.

It was the Wednesday before Christmas in 1965. It was raining in Buckeye, Arizona. According to the weather bureau and old-timers of the area, it is most unusual for it to rain in Buckeye, Arizona, in late December. This rain was not the usual variety, though. It left glowing spots that varied in size from a quarter of an inch to two inches in diameter.

The Civic Defense Director of Buckeye, checked the spots with his geiger-counter, but found, to his great relief, that the drops were not radioactive.

According to a local high school biology teacher, the drops at first looked like aluminum, but upon close examination they appeared to have a pale-green glow. "The first time I walked across my back yard, I didn't see anything, but the more I looked, the more spots I saw," Benson told reporters.

"I don't believe rain activated spots of phosphorus in the soil," he continued. "An earthworm got covered with the stuff and turned into a glowworm!"

Glowing is better than burning, as was evidenced later in 1961 when rain fell near Huixtla, Mexico. This rain, according to a United Press-International news story, killed several children. When the deadly liquid

touched human skin, it produced blisters that later resembled hot oil burns.

Saturday night, August 18, 1962, is a night the residents of San Francisco are likely to remember for a long time, for many thought the city was being invaded by enemy bombers. Between 10:00 and 10:30 that evening a mysterious rumbling noise which resembled a flight of B-52's thundered in the skies over the city.

A Navy spokesman from Alameda Naval Air Station reported that no engines were running after ten o'clock that evening.

Someone advanced the theory that atmospheric conditions could have been right to magnify thunderclaps that evening, but this idea was quickly discarded when it was noted that the skies that evening were clear with virtually no wind. What could have caused the sound of the "invisible bombers?"

Nor was there any wind on the highway April 19, 1963, when Louis A. Johnson of Houston, Texas, was driving along U.S. Highway 75 between Madisonville and Centerville, Texas, returning from a trip to Fort Worth. Suddenly "something" lifted his automobile into the air, turned it completely around, and set it back on the road, traveling in the opposite direction.

Johnson was a Marine Corps veteran of World War Two, and he claimed that experi-

ence was more startling than he had had in two invasions as a leatherneck.

"I can't even describe the sensation," Johnson said. "When I realized what had happened, and that I'd come down partly on the shoulder of the road, I put the car into lower gear and eased to a stop. I didn't think the car had been hurt any; but when I got to Houston, I stopped at a service station and they found the oil pump wasn't working too well."

There were several witnesses who attested to seeing Johnson's car take off like a big bird, and they tried to fit what they had seen into something resembling reality. Most seemed to think a small tornado had swooped down and hoisted him aloft.

There was, however, no tornado, and it is doubtful that a tornado could have lifted the car and set it back down gently without doing some noticeable damage.

What, then, was it that lifted Johnson's car into the air? Could it be that same "something" that created the mystery blasts and the rain that burns? Could it, though many miles away, be in some way connected with the mysterious forces in the Devil's Triangle?

6

TEACHERS FROM THE DEEP?

Legends of many nations tell of a vanished civilization known as "Atlantis." Why has the idea, the vision, of a lost Atlantis gripped our imaginations, hopes and dreams for so many centuries, and haunts us whenever we venture into the unknown?

The Greek philosopher Plato was the first within our written history to use the name "Atlantis." And Plato in his brief works, *Timaeus* and *Critias*, (set down about 355 B.C.) was quite specific about the location, nature, and history of Atlantis. Atlantis was an entire continent located *westward* beyond the Pillars of Hercules (Gibraltar). It was an area larger than Asia Minor and Libya, and had once been a powerful kingdom which existed, he said, 9000 years before the birth of the lawgiver Solon. It had once been a wealthy group of ten principalities. However, the Atlanteans decided to attempt to conquer states throughout the Mediterranean area, and all succumbed ex-

cept for Athens. Then—inexplicably—the continent of Atlantis was swallowed up by the sea.

There are certain strong and irrefutable links, however, between Plato's Atlantis and the Greek Isles of the Blest (or the Fortunate Islands) mentioned by, among others, the philosopher Hesiod and the poet Pindar. And one could include among such vanished civilizations, lost islands or continents, places like the Welsh Vale of Avalon where the dying King Arthur was taken by three dark figures to be healed of his "grievous wounds." We might even include the Garden of Eden which, like the Isles of the Blest, possessed a magic orchard.

What are these links between Atlantis and all visions of such wonderful utopias?

In the first place, with the exception of the Garden of Eden, all these lost continents are seen as being located *westward*—toward the Atlantic Ocean. Plato even specified a series of small islands surrounding Atlantis (the Bahamas?).

Secondly, these are idyllic, serene places, peopled by regenerated giants, heroes and civilized lawmakers. On the Isles of the Blest or the Fortunate Islands, the Titans—the progenitors of mankind—lived after being rescued from their imprisonment underground in Tartarus, which was an infinitely deep chasm in the earth. These Titans, truly "giants in the

earth," seemed to represent, in their Tartarian guise, the convulsions of a world in the making. So in these tales we have represented two possible cultures in two outlandish places—those that dwell within the earth and those who live either beneath the sea or on islands human beings can never safely hope to reach in life.

And what was this Atlantis, this happy place, supposed to be like? Homer described his Isles of the Blest this way: ". . . where life is easiest for men, no snow is there, not yet great storm, nor any rain; but always ocean; sendeth forth the breeze of the shrill West to blow cool on men. Heroes passed here without dying."

The poet Andrew Lang expressed it this way:

> "But each man keeps the age he had
> When first he won the fairy clime
> The night falls never from on high
> Nor ever burns the heat of noon
> But such soft light eternally
> Shines as in the silver dawns of June . . ."

Does the empire of Atlantis still exist in modern times—far below the depths of the Atlantic Ocean in what is generally called the Devil's Triangle? And are there civilizations beneath the sea, or within the earth who are

quite possibly "watchers" or "teachers" from the mists of the past?

Reviewing the lost continent and island myths (or are they really "myths" since it is strange that so many diverse cultures have reached approximately the same vision)—what do we know about the "Atlanteans?" Certainly they are superior beings—perhaps our terrestrial or extra-terrestrial forefathers. Physically they have been pictured variously as of a red complexion (those who once lived within the earth), and again, creatures with webbed feet.

If there had been an Atlantis, the inhabitants of the giant continent may have had early warning of its impending doom, and prepared for their future life far below the surface. Consider that today we are making plans for civilizations to live under the ocean, to farm the various marine plants. Our modern technology, crude indeed beside that of the glorious Atlanteans, allows the possibility of such a mode of living. Some ancient drawings depict "people" with webbed feet. Who but a civilization of aquatic humanoids would be gifted by nature with webbed feet?

The Sumarians, a culture that flourished five thousand years ago in Mesopotamia, told of giant "fish" that came out of the ocean to teach the people great truths.

Were these giant fish actually submarines

manned by higher intelligences that lived beneath the surface of the ocean? And did they come from Atlantis?

Ships have reported craft fitting the general description of UFOs which have dived *into the ocean* after being spotted by witnesses on board. Are these flying saucers a type of craft simply adapted to underwater, as well as air, maneuvering, or do they have a better reason for diving—to return to home ports in the watery depths of the sea?

Ships and airplanes fortunate enough to return from the mysterious areas such as the Bermuda Triangle have logged information, or radioed to their bases, that they experienced erratic behavior of their navigational equipment. Any magnetic field will play havoc with a boy scout compass or the expensive navigational aids of our modern vessels of the sea and air.

If, indeed, there are bases under the sea, is it not reasonable to assume that they are capable of setting up magnetic fields that would reach the surface and project into the air above the area? In order to survive in such a community, it would be necessary to have generators and other magnetic field-producing machinery, plus instruments of a technology we may know nothing about.

Certainly, if such a civilization does exist below the surface of the world's oceans, their

technology must be superior to ours. Perhaps their code of ethics is advanced as well, giving them the mission to periodically surface to teach our people to spin the moral fibre that is the basis for every great religion.

Perhaps, on the other hand, it was not *their* teachers who tutored our great prophets—but that Jesus, Buddha, and others were *themselves* the teachers from the depths of the ocean, for ascension "in a cloud" is common belief concerning many great spiritual leaders. Were these "clouds" actually what UFOs appeared to be when they took off in the dusty deserts, and were they, perhaps, taking the teachers home to ocean communities?

There are those who attest to the idea that the earth itself is hollow and that it is inhabited by a race of beings who allegedly are far superior to their cousins on the surface. Very likely it is an old, old race of beings who have been around longer than we can imagine. One recalls immediately the tales of the Titans—those children of night and chaos who were banished underground. The Titans were eventually released to the pleasant Isles of the Blest. However, the image remains of a race as old as the beginnings of time, who contain within their unimaginable beings the germs of what we are, and possibly what we can be. It is

not surprising that they are often pictured as being of a "reddish hue"—the color of the soil.

It is interesting that not too long ago, some geologists speculated that there once was a continent between Europe and North America and that possibly this is how the ancestors of the American Indian reached America. Or did these long-ago Red Men come from the lost Atlantis?

Perhaps it was an Atlantean Red Man who, as the story goes, appeared to Napoleon during his first military campaign in Egypt. The strange visitor claimed that he had appeared to French leaders in the past and that now he was contacting Napoleon with a similar warning. Beware, he insisted, of over-reaching ambition. The visitor paid his last call shortly before Napoleon's final defeat and all his predictions were fulfilled.

The Swedish King, Charles XII, sought council of a "Little Gray Man" with a ruddy complexion, who gave him a ring that would not vanish until the day of the ruler's death. King Charles became a legendary hero. Charles, like Napoleon, refused the advice to make peace, and in 1718, while the Swedes were beseiging Norway, one of Charles' officers noticed the ring was no longer on the monarch's finger. Moments later, Charles XII fell dead of a head wound.

Across the Atlantic, in the year 1777, it is said that a despairing General George Washington was sitting in his rude hut at Valley Forge, when a movement in the corner caused him to turn and see a rising, curling vapor surrounding a long-robed long-haired entity, whom he at first thought to be an Indian, due to its complexion, but later thought it must have been an angel.

Washington later told his close friend, Anthony Sherman, that the reddish-complexioned angel had shown him a vision of the birth, progress and destiny of the United States.

Strange that so many world leaders would hallucinate. Were they indeed recipients of strange visitations and sage advice from what may be a race much older than modern man realizes could exist on planet Earth—a race that may have inhabited this planet while the precursers of *Homo sapiens* were still swinging from tree to tree?

There are legends in nearly every world culture, which tell of this ancient race that populated the earth long before man became man—a race that existed millions of years ago. The Old Ones are a race of immensely intelligent and scientifically advanced people, who chose to live beneath the surface of the earth. The Old Ones live very long lives, much longer than we do, and are noted for occasionally offering sage

advice to the surface dwellers in the form of constructive criticism.

It is also thought that the Old Ones may kidnap surface people, especially children, in order to train them in their ways. Such belief in these troll-like beings are to be found in the folk tales and legends of most societies of the world.

Still other theories tell that the inner-earth dwellers are again the ancient Atlanteans who fled the lands before they were destroyed by nuclear explosions nearly twelve thousand years ago. These refugees found protection in the caves and underground areas, and they eventually decided to stay below the surface to escape the harmful rays of the sun and its normal radioactivity.

Could this be the answer to the enigmatic Devil's Triangle and other areas where disappearances are common? Could these "doorways" lead to the Inner World, far different from that we know on the surface? A world of greatly advanced technology, peopled by those who may have learned ages ago to live in peace and harmony with one another, and who occasionally surface to give this message to topsiders, who care not to listen to this advice? What are the Old Ones trying to tell us?

Some believe that they may be bearing tidings of a New Age when all objects—both animate and inanimate—shall suddenly transcend

to other dimensions of time and space and find that we have left the old material world and are none the worse for our experience.

Great changes have taken place upon the earth and every major religion has its records of legendary floods and other events causing mass destruction. However, there have been no great earth changes that have been other than purely physical. Today we may be approaching with rapidity a time that will involve everything we know of in this world.

Is it too implausible, say those who burrow within the enigmas-in-enigmas, to assume for a moment that the Old Ones—the Red Men—the ancient Atlanteans—could be reaching through the doorways of the Devil's Triangle to bring us word of the New Age to come?

7

FIVE PSYCHIC SLEUTHS SCAN THE DEVIL'S SEA

OTTO BINDER

The late Otto Binder (d. October, 1974), for whom flying saucers, UFOs and related phenomena were of special interest, was a distinguished science writer with more than ten books to his credit. He wrote under contract for NASA, and was at one time editor-in-chief of "Space World," and was a syndicated columnist for "Our Space Age," writing a six-article-per-week feature. He was a member of NICAP in Washington, D.C., as well as of the National Aerospace Education Council, the Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics and the American Rocketry Association.

Interviewer: You have been researching UFO matters for a long time, and certainly you must see a connection between them and the various anomolies throughout the world. In

fact, many of your articles show this, but I thought here you might give us a summation of that thinking.

Binder: Well, of course, the research went into quite a few people's books. Ivan Sanderson was convinced there were twelve areas around the world. There are many newspaper accounts and magazine articles on the connection, but it seems that whenever there are disappearances they seem to follow a UFO flap. It also seems that there are more strange disappearances in the Devil's Sea off Japan than in the Bermuda area, but the Bermuda Triangle seems to get better publicity. As you know, I am a very staunch UFO advocate, and I believe they [the various anomolies] have something to do with the UFOs. I tend to believe this phenomenon just has to be related to the UFO. They are just too unusual, with no natural explanation. For what reason it should be so, I don't know. Why UFOs should operate there, I don't know —except there are a lot of ships and planes there if they want them. That would be a reasonable explanation, I would think.

Interviewer: Do you feel that the UFO comes from another point in space or another dimension that is perhaps all around us at this time?

Binder: Yes, I know that's the controversy, now. Some go for the extra-dimensional—or ultra-terrestrials—that they are from a di-

mension around Earth or near Earth; but, I'm *extra-terrestrial.* I somehow feel—and most of my writing goes that way—that the simplest and most logical explanation is that they are beings from another world, and their science is so superior that to us it looks like magic. It can account for every possible variation that looks weird or psychic or occult. It is simply their advanced science. In other words, it is strictly physical—within the realm of our five basic senses. They are from other planets. There are billions of other worlds that are inhabited, and have been far longer than we have been here.

Interviewer: Do you believe there is anything to the idea of psychic explanations for the Devil's Triangle, UFOs, and the like? Is it only of a physical nature?

Binder: Wouldn't their minds have developed just as much as their technology? Wouldn't they then have developed psychic powers, ESP, telepathy and the like, vastly beyond anything we know today? These UFO people can make themselves invisible and everything else in the psychic field.

Interviewer: One more angle. Do you think that the Devil's Triangle, the Devil's Sea and the other areas are built over what might be the remains of former civilizations, such as Atlantis?

Binder: Yes, I feel they may be the active

remains of former civilizations, remains that are still active today magnetically, or that they are actually living there today. I would say it is more than likely that they are operating there right now. That there are undersea kingdoms. There are a lot of reports of UFOs in the vicinity of ships that suddenly dive into the ocean. They must be going somewhere. I think it is very likely they have undersea bases there. And they apparently want to keep in touch with us, to keep track of us, to know what we are doing. What better way than to have an undersea base under the Bermuda Triangle? They can just bring the ships down to examine them. I don't know what kind of device they use to bring the ships down, but I do not feel they harm the people, or recklessly kill them. They just want to examine the ships. They've chosen this area because of the shipping lanes and airplane lanes.

Interviewer: Then you feel that the ships, planes, and people are delivered intact to these undersea bases, not destroyed. In other words, they are alive?

Binder: Yes. One of two things: either there is an undersea base where they are taken and examined—I wouldn't say experimented with—and then possibly absorbed into the civilization, or, they are taken to an outer space world—to another planet. I do think that the enormous number of reports all through the ages

indicate that there is some very strong interaction between extra-terrestrial people and earth people. I don't know what it is they are after or what they are doing, but I think they are in colonies keeping watch over us. Obviously, they are not trying to conquer us, for they could have done that over night. I don't really know what they want. I don't think anybody really knows at this time. But I think there is this interaction. I hope we find out some day. I feel like an ant in an anthill.

MAXINE ASHER

Author and teacher, Maxine Asher has done much first-hand research and investigation concerning the lost continent of Atlantis. In 1973 she led an expedition to Spain in a search for the legendary civilization. Her quest has also taken her through the Bermuda Triangle area.

"From exploration I have done in that area [Bermuda Triangle] since 1968, when I was in the Caribbean, I feel that the whole area is heavily charged psychically. I'm talking about charges actually within the rock, the geology, of the area. I think it is entirely possible that these same charges exist underneath the water, which may have been charged in the time the Atlanteans occupied the area. We know that stones and rocks have an aura, and the strength of the aura would be dependent on

when it was first charged by the people who lived there."

Interviewer: What of the ships, planes, and people that have vanished there?

Asher: Well, I think that the disappearing ships and planes and things that have gone on in that area are due to the psychic charging of the geological formations in the water.

Interviewer: How do you account for the mechanics of the disappearances? Do these forces disintegrate them, or do they pass through a psychic window to other dimensions of time and space?

Asher: You ask, how does it all come about? I always like to refer to theories of quantrum physics in relationship to the psychic—in which we can be pulled cosmically and psychically either at the physical level or at the psychic level or at the spiritual or astral level. It is possible at any one of these levels for these psychic forces to go into play. We are sure these things happen—just as we have telepathy and clairvoyance—but we are not sure how it comes about. The same has to be said of the Triangle area. I'm not sure which of these forces is in play, if not *all* of them, at the time these things disappear. But I feel confident there is an actual scientific physical explanation for this phenomenon. In other words the

Atlanteans and other people who inhabited the areas were able to control these forces. Right now these things are happening accidently. There really isn't a logical explanation. We only know *what* is happening, not *how* it is done.

Interviewer: What do you think happens to the various objects and people that go into these areas? Do you feel they are disintegrated or do they continue to exist at another level.

Asher: I feel that they would tend to disintegrate. The force is strong enough to pull them in, and I think they are finished—gone! I don't think they are taken to another realm of existence to establish another life. I do not feel there is now someone under the area, like an inner-earth civilization.

Interviewer: What of the psychic force in that whole area around Bermuda?

Asher: You know, in that area we have to look at the island of Haiti, which has perhaps the biggest aura of anyplace I have ever visited. The whole island is charged. When you step onto Haiti, you feel like you're being pulled. Other people have told me this, too. This is true of many places in the Caribbean, but Haiti is a very good example. You know, the voodoo and witchcraft and the psychic manifestations are there, but they are of the negative, of course. Still, they are powerful.

And, of course, all the little Caribbean islands have tales of witchcraft and psychic matters.

Interviewer: What did you find on your trip to the area last year, as far as artifacts are concerned?

Asher: I'd like to give you a concrete example. I was out in a boat in April of '73 with Dr. Manson Valentine, a diver (who may not want his name given here), and a number of other people who were assisting us. We asked our diver to go under and take photographs of the Bimini blocks.

The water there is not very deep, and it's also clear. Dr. Valentine knew exactly where the blocks were. Dr. Valentine and I were the most psychic people on the ship; the others were the "rationalists"—you have to have balance—but the diver kept going down for five or six dives. He came back and said he couldn't find them. Manson and I were trying to help him psychically to find them, and finally I became very angry, which I don't normally do. I said "Doggone it, if you'd just hang loose, and try to stop forcing it, you'd find them." So he agreed, went down again, and found them. I thought it rather interesting that the blocks were found on that particular dive. Found psychically more than rationally.

Interviewer: Would you fill us in a bit on just what these "blocks" are?

Asher: I certainly will. Some of these blocks,

which are the remains of Atlantis, according to Dr. Valentine, are as long as twenty feet, ten-feet wide and three-feet thick. They are very regular and form a regular pattern. Dr. Valentine found walls of stone laid block on block with walls at least nine feet high. The stones had been sealed with mortar. He also said that he found stone discs nearby and fragments that looked like broken pillars.

This is the same kind of thing we found in Spain. Except those in Spain were megalithic in size. Manson had a piece of one that he took out of the water. We examined it, and he explained to us why he felt they were at least 11,500 years old geologically. We took movies over there [in Spain], and they go along in a very regular fashion.

Interviewer: Then the inundation—the final destruction—of Atlantis must have taken place about ten or twelve thousand years ago. Do you feel this is accurate?

Asher: There's a new book out by Collin Renfew called *Before Civilization*, and he explains that all of our dating systems have been way off, and that these artifacts are really far older than we thought they were. Dr. Valentine feels that both of these forms of reading are ineffective, and we will, in effect, have to develop a psychic dating system. So, going back to your Bermuda Triangle, perhaps we

are going to find things under the water that are as old as Atlantis or older.

Interviewer: How do you explain the locations of the various lozenges? Is it deliberate that there are five areas along the 30 degrees North latitude and another five at 30 degrees South latitude, plus the North and South Poles, evenly spaced, with those in the South 20 degrees east of their northern counterparts?

Asher: That indicates to me that whoever was responsible for charging them to begin with knew the relationship between those rocks and the cosmos. You know, it's interesting, if you consider the placement of these zones with the placement of the pyramids in Egypt, and then consider the work of others who speak of a cataclysmic end for Atlantis and other civilizations. You'll notice that whoever the Atlanteans were, they built their pyramids in a place that they knew would not be affected by the coming destruction. They erected them in certain zones or bands that would always remain the same, because of their alignment with the celestial bodies. So it could be that the distribution of these lozenges is not accidental. Their placement may have been purposeful.

If the Atlanteans did indeed build the pyramids in Egypt, it is obvious that they did so with a knowledge that the structures could

withstand the ravages of the ages. Theories indicate that minds beyond our present comprehension must have been the engineering geniuses that did place one megaton block upon another to form these mighty tombs. Minds that were not only gifted in engineering, but in mathematics and abilities beyond our ken. Perhaps, more than likely, the same cosmic engineers from other realms of time and space did plan the various lozenges and psychic windows with a skill we know so little about.

Whatever or whoever designed such areas must have had a technology that would make ours primitive by comparison, and I am certain that if those intelligences are still around today, they must get a chuckle out of reading such writings as this that try to piece it all together.

FAY CLARK

Fay Clark has been a metaphysical researcher and writer since the early 1930s. He has traveled throughout the world researching and investigating phenomena in Egypt, India, Mexico and the Orient, and is the author of "Beyond the Light," the story of his personal experiences in higher realms of consciousness.

Interviewer: Would you give us a few thoughts about the Devil's Triangle?

Clark: I think people often get hung up on the UFO type of thing where the Bermuda Triangle is concerned. I think it is a vortex, and several people, including myself, are doing research on that phase of it. There definitely is a condition existing there—not only in that place, but three other places in the world, although that [the Bermuda Triangle] is probably the best known. There is a terrific amount

of evidence that many ships and planes have been lost in those areas, but I don't believe there is one tiny bit of evidence that they were snatched by UFOs.

Interviewer: What, then, do you feel causes these strange disappearances?

Clark: I think that when we do find the answer, it will be atmospheric conditions, such as moon phases increasing the vibrations which come to the earth. There may be other vibrations which rise from the earth to the cosmos, which dematerialize ships or people—or if it is not quite that strong, just takes away life.

Interviewer: In other words, you feel that these objects and people are destroyed—done away with—by being transported to other dimensions of time and space?

Clark: Right, but I couldn't say whether they go to another dimension, because I know that life is continuous. I know they could not be wiped out completely. If they found their bodies there, the entity [soul] would have just moved to another dimension; but if on the other hand, they did not find the bodies, then I do believe, yes, they could be moved to another dimension in time—sort of a time warp—and they would continue to be living. And, of course some of them come back, as you will recall the man that was found walking across the desert with his big bass tuba around his neck!

Interviewer: Where are the four anomolies you mentioned earlier?

Clark: One of them is just off the west coast of Africa. The one I know very, very well, is just east of the Hawaiian islands. And, of course, the Bermuda Triangle, and the Devil's Sea south of Japan. I have talked with a pilot, who has just retired, and he knows of four. He's a member of Spiritual Frontiers Fellowship and the Edgar Cayce Foundation and he said he knew enough at least not to talk.

Interviewer: Many people don't want to talk about what happened to them in these areas. But did your pilot friend comment at all on his experiences?

Clark: Yes. He said in the area by Hawaii, while traveling at 375 miles, one's watch does not even tick. People sit with their mouths open, and do not even finish the word they are saying during that time! He had been through it twice. He would call on his radio to get verification of time. Then after he would see things normally again, he would call again, and they would tell him they had just talked to him! In other words, while flying 375 miles, there was no loss of linear time as we know it.

TED OWENS

Ted Owens is known to his peers as a "P-K Man," that is, one who practices psychokinesis—or the control of objects by other than physical means. He claims that for several years he has been working with "SIs" or Space Intelligences, from whom he receives his psychic powers. Owens says that he has learned, through them, to perform such "miracles" as causing rain, earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, and even how to control the outcome of sporting events. In 1970 Owens decided to cast a spell on the Baltimore Colts and offered to unhex them for $100,000! The Colts, not surprisingly, refused to ante up, and sports fans can draw their own conclusions as to whether the season's injuries were pure coincidence or pure hex.

Interviewer: What do you feel is responsible for the strange disappearances of planes, ships, and people in the Bermuda Triangle and other trouble spots around the world?

Owens: Well, I can only speak about the Devil's Triangle. As you have read, I have worked for, and with, the UFO Intelligences for about ten years. And I have been busy proving it, documenting miracles. The power I use that causes these miracles is obtained from the Bermuda Triangle.

This was brought out some years ago and I took it to President Johnson. I asked that the government send me down to the Bermuda Triangle on a boat for a month. They could then submerge in a submarine and take pictures through a periscope, while I brought a UFO craft down. Instead of doing that, the government sent a team of NASA scientists down there.

Interviewer: Where do the UFOs or SIs that you work with come from? Are they from other points in space or do they reach us from other dimensions?

Owens: The UFOs I work for come from another dimension, not another planet; and they can work with other dimensional powers—physical effects that do not fit into our framework of physics. They taught some of the Egyptian priests and masters way back in the old ages, like they have taught me. I have

about 150 different mechanisms that can be used for different effects. One will cause earthquakes, another will cause lightning to strike, and so forth.

At any rate, the old masters—some of them misused the powers and other dimensional effects, and the Bermuda Triangle, I'm sure, is a result of such abuse. They "P-K'd" that area years ago, with other dimensional effects, I mean, and it has a tendency to grow and become more potent—more powerful as time goes by.

In the old Egyptian tombs, the curses would be put on the inside to attack burglars that would come in to rifle the tombs later. This was another dimensional effect the UFOs taught the ancient Egyptians, and the older that hiding place—the tomb—got to be, the more potent the power was, so that those entering the tombs later walked right into it. The other-dimensional effect had been growing there like flowers grow, and when old King Tut's tomb was opened, the explorers walked right into this other-dimensional effect. I think about eighteen or nineteen of that scientific party were wiped out.

The Bermuda Triangle was hit ages ago by this other-dimensional effect, and it is still working. But in this point in time, there is no rhyme or reason for it—in that point in time there was.

Interviewer: You say the UFOs are from other dimensions of time and space, not from other planets. How do they slip from their dimension into ours and back? Do they have full control over this operation?

Owens: The UFOs can go through solid matter, because they are other-dimensional. They can go down through the water of the Bermuda Triangle to the bottom of the ocean, then just switch off from this dimension into theirs and keep going. They probably have vast underground headquarters under there—there's no doubt in my mind. When they want to come up, they just repeat the process. People are cave-oriented, or opening-oriented, and they wouldn't understand how the UFOs could do this. But, that is one of their major strengths—their ability to slip into and out of our dimension.

They can just click-off instantly. Like the film which showed all the blips of UFOs on the radar screen during the big UFO flap in 1965. They appeared there; they didn't move; they just appeared at that point. A fighter plane moved up among them, moved onto the screen, on instructions from the ground, and they just vanished. All they had to do was switch off to their dimension and they became invisible, but they still were there.

The fighter plane was ordered back down to the ground, and when it did return to the

ground—pow—the blips all appeared again right in place. This is how they work.

They travel with the speed of ESP (similar to the speed of thought) which is infinitely faster than light. My SIs have told me if they want to appear someplace, all they have to do is think. They could be over you right now in Iowa; and as fast as you could snap your fingers, they could be in Africa. All they have to do is think. That's the way they travel.

Interviewer: You mentioned earlier in our conversation that there was a rather odd situation that surrounded a trip you once made en route to the Bermuda Triangle. Would you care to elaborate a bit?

Owens: Well, yes. In the late 1960s the SIs contacted me. I was in Colorado at the time, and they told me they wanted me to go to Florida to go on to the Bermuda Triangle. Great! I was broke at the time, but that's all right—I took my family and we headed for Miami, Florida. A UFO followed us. We could see it following us. It was a golden globe that floated just above our car. When we would get out to look at it, it would move into a cloud, and it would not come out until we moved on.

We got down to Dolphin, Alabama, in our station wagon. We parked on top of a mountain, and I slept on top of the station wagon. That night an Army helicopter flew over us and turned its searchlight right on me. Now,

the instant it did the helicopter crashed. All power went out, and it crashed right next to our car. I just went back to sleep and the family went to sleep.

In the morning Army Intelligence cars came roaring up—racing up—and one of the officers asked, "Did you see that helicopter last night?"

I told them yes, that it was right over there by our car. They said not to go near it as it had top secret equipment on it. They drove off to get help. I walked over near the helicopter and the pilot was hanging out the window with a .45. I asked what happened.

"Last night we turned the searchlight on your car," he responded, "and our power went dead, and also our radio went dead, and we couldn't get through to headquarters. We had standing orders to stay right with the copter and guard it."

He told me not to come near the helicopter.

Then the Army Intelligence came back with all their equipment, trying to get that helicopter out of there.

When we got to Florida, we had another odd experience. I was driving along in one part of Miami, and suddenly I found I was coming in the other direction in a different part of Miami entirely. It was unbelievable.

IRENE HUGHES

Famed Chicago seeress Irene Hughes traveled to the Bermuda Triangle area recently and had these comments to make:

I went down there on a special trip to the Triangle off South Bimini last year in a private plane, and I pointed out some areas where I felt there had been atomic energy plants in the past—in ancient times.

The geologist who was with me asked why I felt the planes were brought down into the Triangle. I said I felt there was some tremendous atomic energy that rose up from the holes, terrific holes, in the area, and created an energy that pulled them down.

He said his idea was just the reverse of that, that he felt there was a strong energy in the air that pulled them *up*.

But, I asked him, how could it be, when the hull of a ship was found in the sand?

Also, about five of us, including the scientist, stood on the beach at South Bimini and saw unbelievable *lights* out on the water. It was away from the city, and they were very unusual. The geologist said he had seen them often—that they were like phosphorus lights.

The day that we went up in the plane, something very unusual happened. It had been raining terribly, and we were going to go skin diving. I was going to do it, even though I had never done it before. Then a whole school of white whales appeared at the place, which was unusual, so nobody could go skin diving. We thought that was sort of a warning, so we went away.

The weather finally cleared, but I tell you, when we got over a certain spot a local storm came up and we barely made it back. It was terrible trying to get back in that small plane.

The storm just came up instantly. A red light was flashing in the plane, and I asked what it was, as I had been taping things, giving my impressions. The pilot said there were problems with the engines. It was very interesting that all those things happened—as if "they" were telling us to mind our own business.

Interviewer: Do you think there is a direct connection between the fabled Lost Atlantis and the Bermuda, or Devil's Triangle?

Hughes: Well, I feel that there has to be,

because Atlantis was a culture, not one nation. Atlantis spread into many different places. Actually, I call it a UFO port—that in ancient times there was a UFO port there.

Interviewer: Do you think that there are still descendants of Atlantis alive today?

Hughes: I don't think they are there, but I think there are energies there that vibrate from the civilization. For example, this was the theory of Dr. J. Manson Valentine by the way, and he's the one who discovered this fantastic area down in Mexico which had to be closed up, because so many weird things were happening that tourists couldn't come to see it anymore.

Dr. Valentine also said there were very unusual types of birds, similar to ancient birds, which he noticed at certain times of the year. He's been checking out that area since 1959, and he said these birds would fly around and around, as though they were trying to land on ground that they once knew, as though there was once a land area there.

Interviewer: What connection do you see between the Bermuda Triangle and UFOs?

Hughes: I feel the area was a part of one of the nations that was part of the Atlantean culture. I feel there are remnants of their buildings and perhaps the energies from the bodies that have been there so long. There may have been one of their tremendous energy

plants there. It may be that the UFOs are coming back to visit the sights of these ancient civilizations, as we might visit the ruins of ancient Rome or Greece.

I feel that, beginning in the 1970s, we will find out what the UFOs are. We have certainly have had more of them than ever. We are going to realize that they are a transportation used by a different type of being than we are.

Interviewer: Do you feel that the UFOs come from a different point in space, or are they from dimensions beyond our own?

Hughes: I feel we can say they are from *both*. They are from Time, and of course there are many different levels of Time. They may be from ancient times, so invisible to our eyes. But I also feel they are from different areas in space, and that they are trying to find where they once were on Earth.

Could it be that we are dealing with remnants of the past—energies that still prevail in areas such as the Devil's Triangle and cause ships, planes, and people to mysteriously vanish without trace through a type of physics we have yet to rediscover? Could these energies be residual energies so great that they are still with us, or could they be a type of energy that, instead of dissipating, grows stronger with time?

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